

Bible - Song of Solomon
A [English] (3)

VERSION

OF

SOLOMON'S

Song of Songs.

Together with

The XLVth P S A L M.

The Second Edition, Corrected.

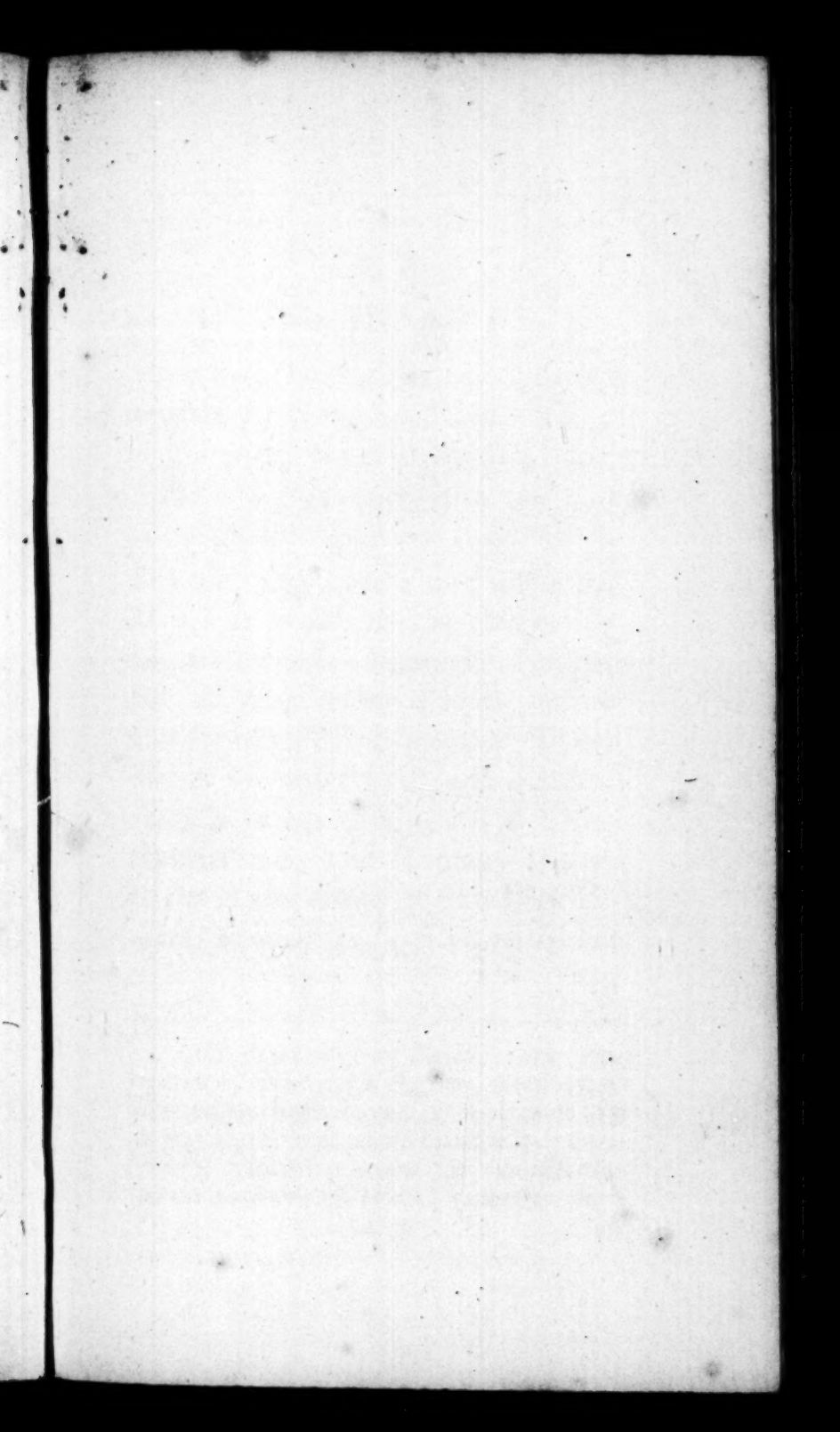
By JOSEPH STENNETT.

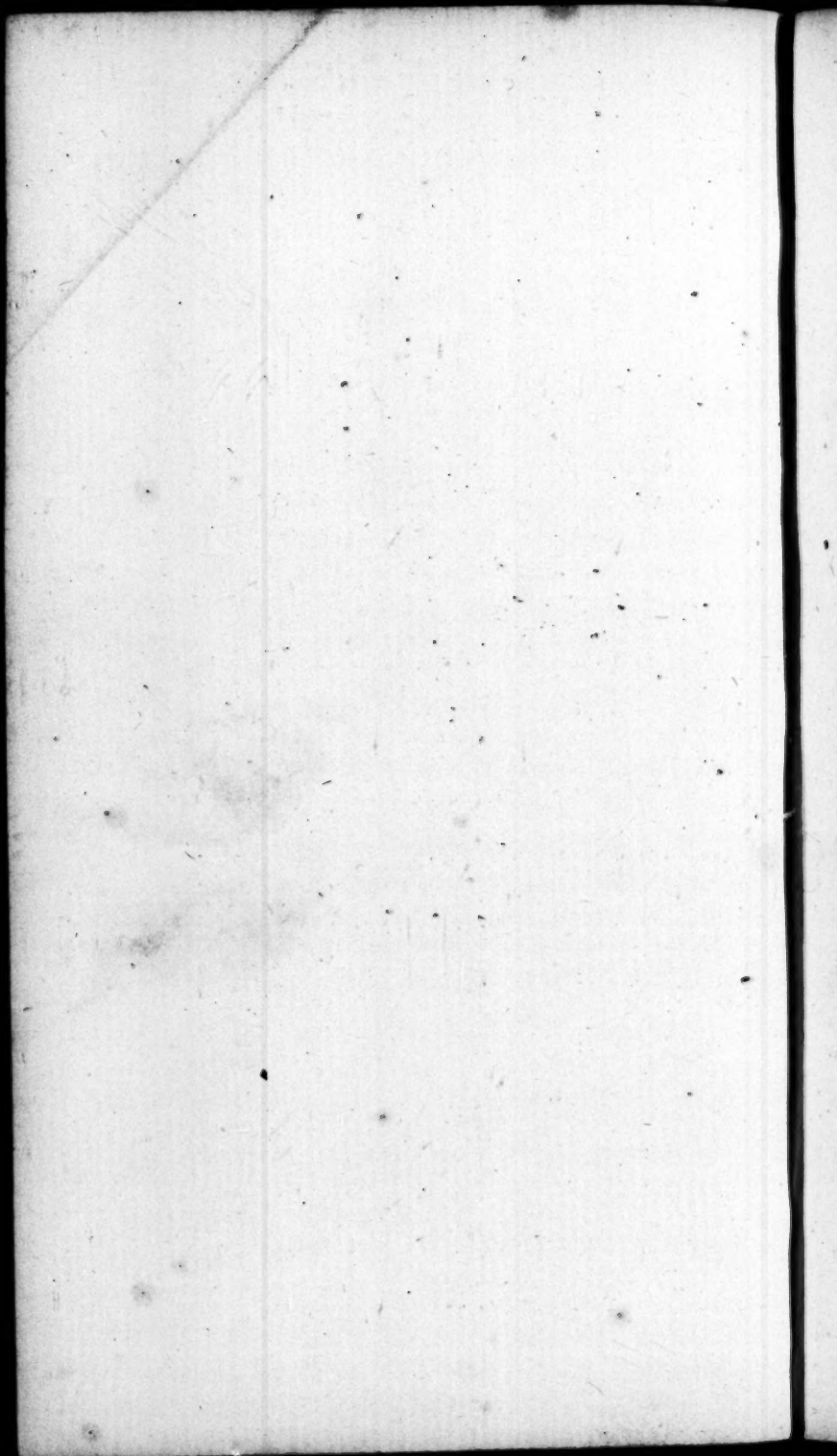
Isa. 54. 5. — *Thy Maker is thy Husband, the
LORD of Hosts is his Name.* —

Eph. 5. 32. *This is a great Mystery: but I speak
concerning Christ and the Church.*

L O N D O N, Printed by J. Darby for John
Baker at Mercers Chappel in Cheapside. 1709.

Where may be had Mr. Stennett's Sacramental Hymns,
either single, or bound up with this Version.





THE PREFACE.

THO *'tis generally agreed that this Poem was compos'd by Solomon, yet some have denied that he wrote it by Divine Inspiration; and make his Design to be only that of celebrating his Amours with Pharaoh's Daughter, or some other Person. This was formerly the Opinion of Theodorus Mopsuestanus, and was condemn'd in the 2d Council of Constantinople: and Grotius of late in his Annotations on this Book declares himself to be * much of the same*

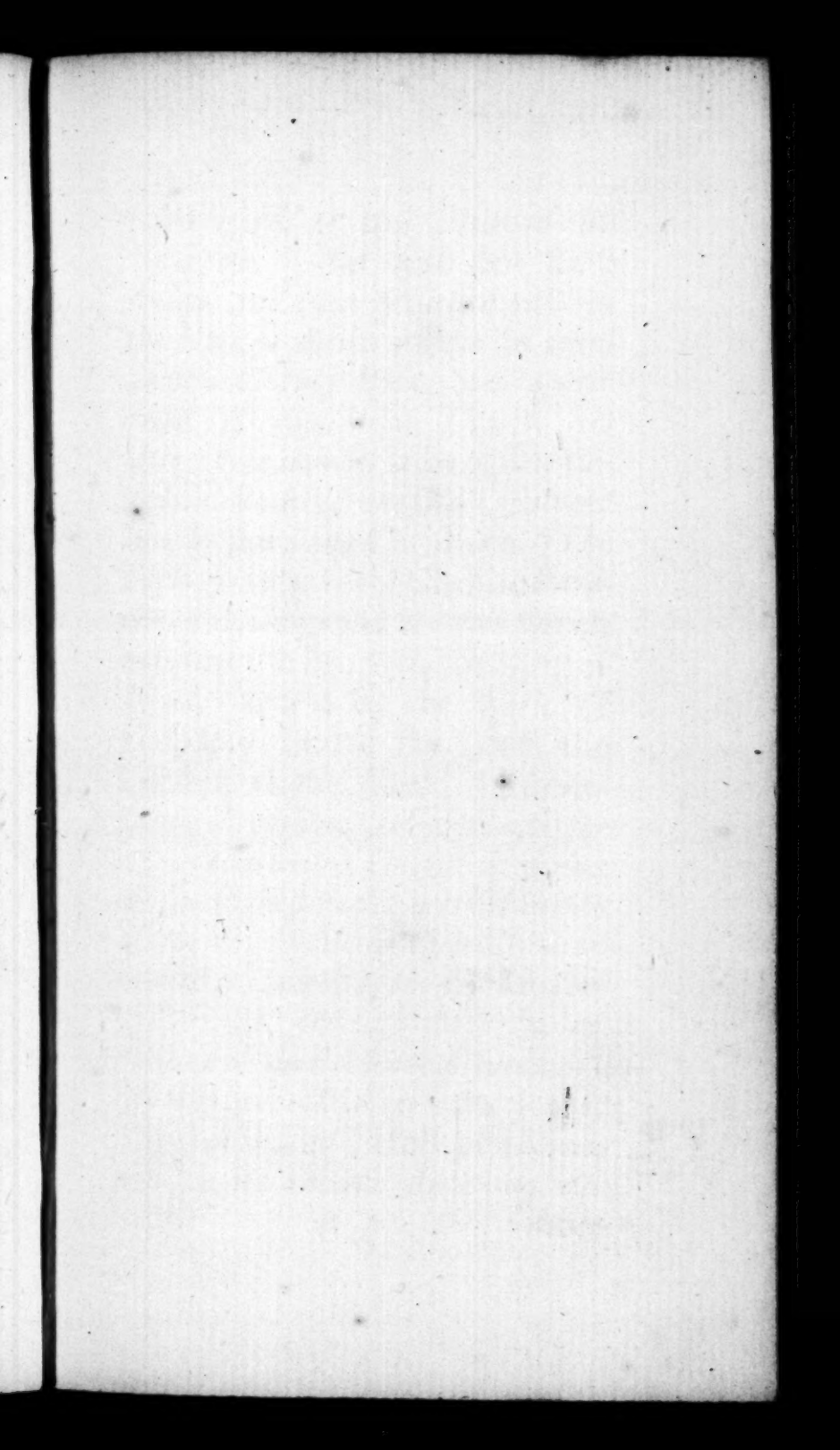
* [Hoc canticum] est *δαιμόνιον* inter Solomonem & filiam regis Ægypti, interloquentibus etiam choris duobus, tum juvenum tum virginum, qui in proximis thalamo locis excubabant, nuptiarum arcana sub honestis verborum involucribus hic latent; quæ etiam causa

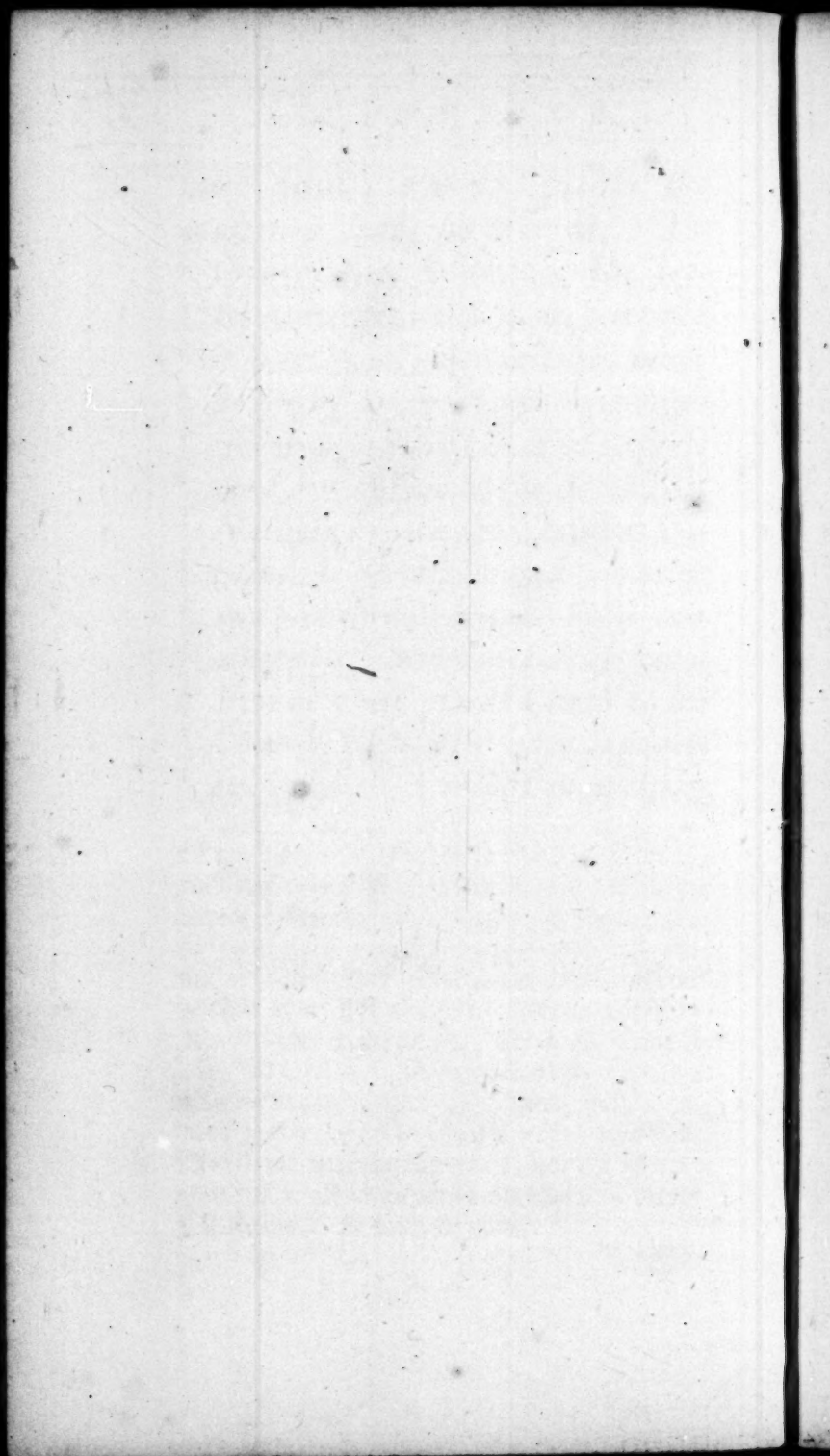
*same mind; tho to qualify the
 matter a little he tells us, 'Tis
 ' thought that Solomon, the bet-
 ' ter to eternize this Book, compos'd
 ' it so artificially, that without much
 ' straining there might be Allego-
 ' ries enough found in it to express
 ' the Love of God to the Israelitish
 ' Nation; which the Chaldee Pa-
 ' raphrast perceiv'd and declar'd,
 ' and Maimonides understood it no
 ' otherwise. And this Love being a
 ' Type of the Love of Christ to his
 ' Church, Christians have laudably
 ' exercis'd their minds in applying*

*est cur Hebræi veteres hunc librum legi nolue-
 runt nisi a jam conjugio proximis. Creditur
 autem Solomon, quò magis perennaret hoc
 scriptum, ea arte id composuisse, ut sine
 multa distortionem ἀλλοτρίαι in eo inveniri
 possent quæ Dei amorem adversus populum
 Israeliticum exprimerent, quod & sensit &
 ostendit Chaldaus hic paraphrastes; nec aliter
 accepit Maimonides. Ille autem amor typus
 cum fuerit amoris Christi erga ecclesiam,
 Christiani ingenia sua ad applicanda ad eam
 rem hujus carminis verba exercuerunt lauda-
 bili studio. H. Grot. in Cant.*



'the



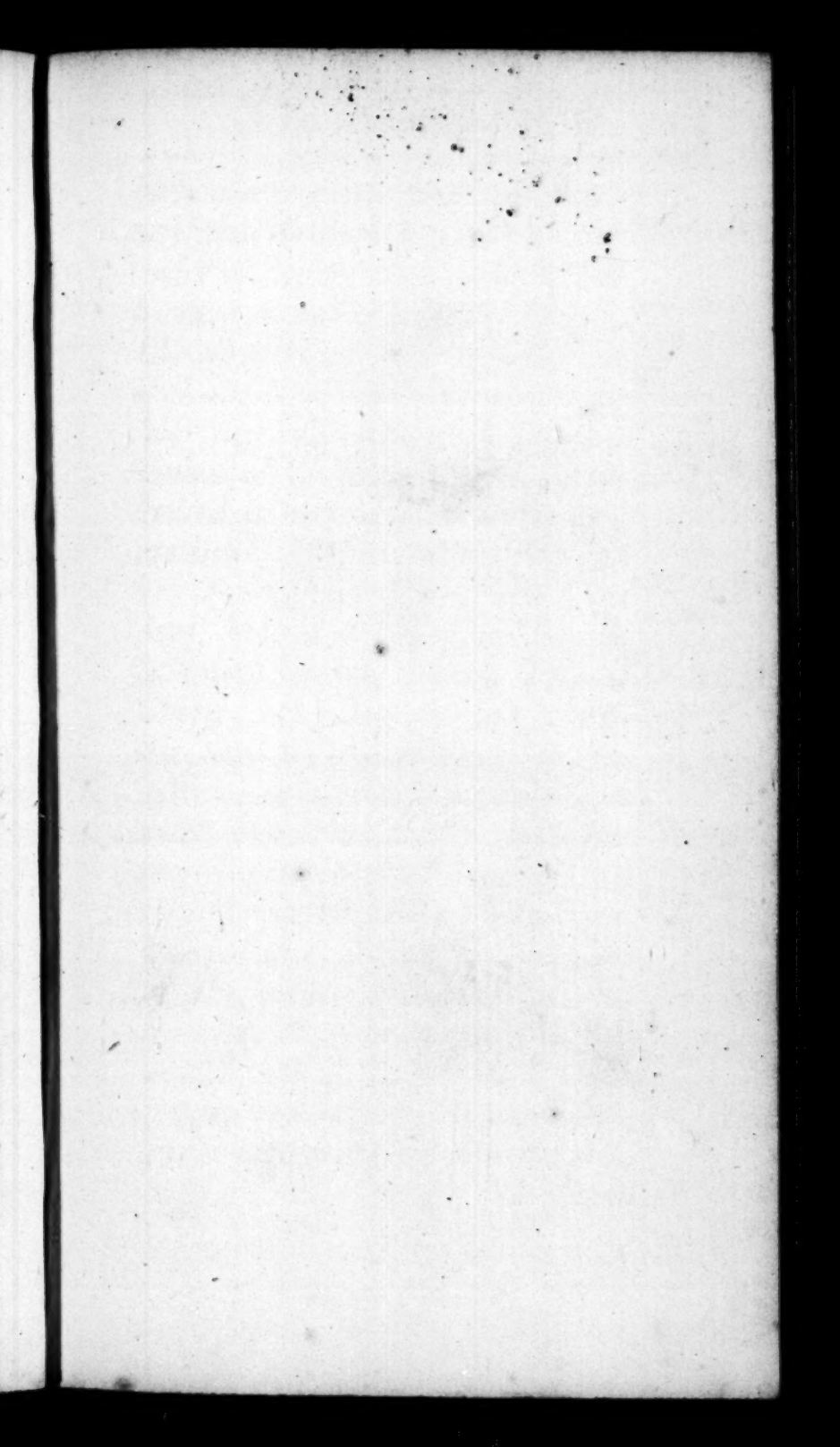


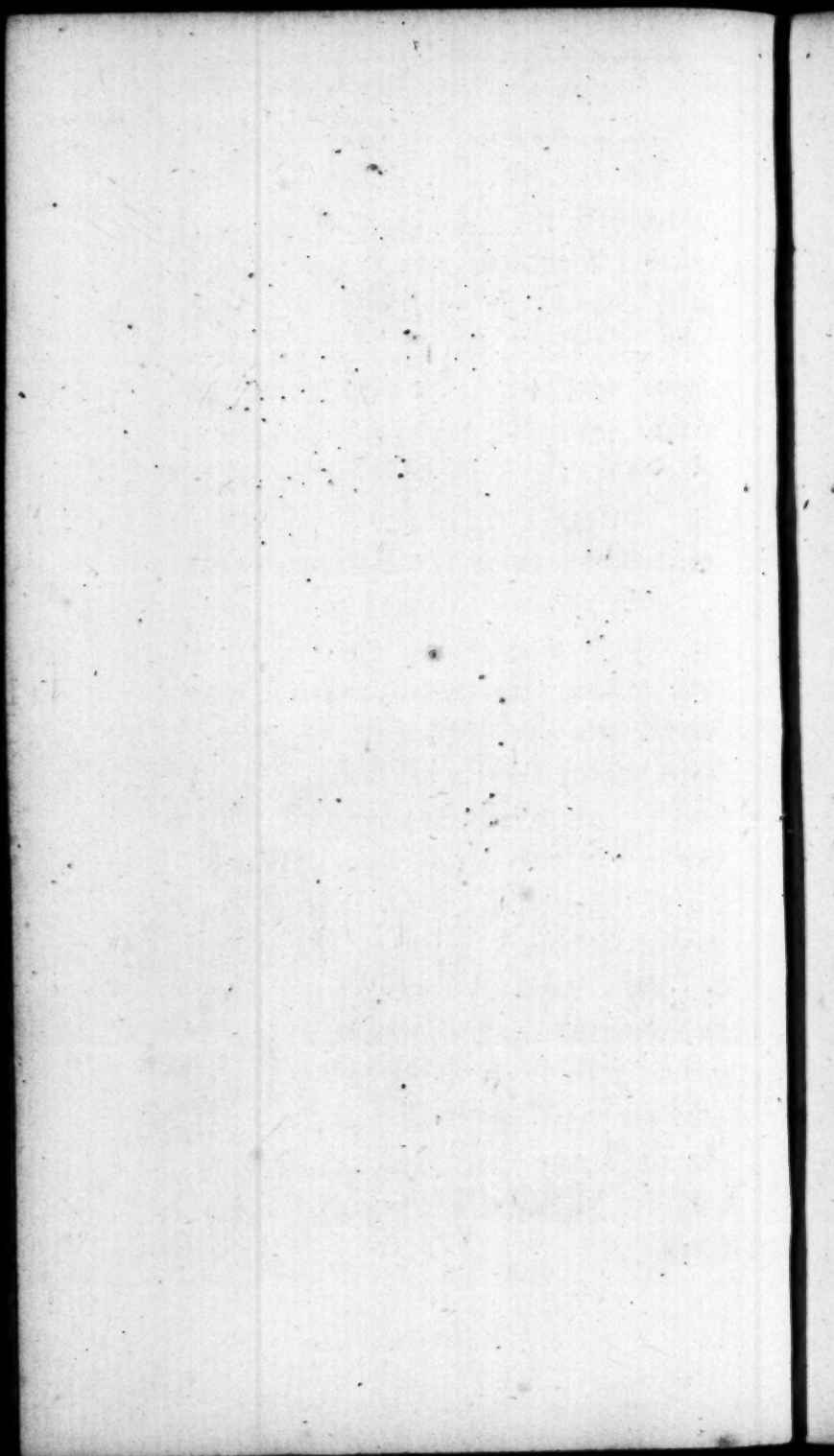
‘ the words of this Poem to this
 ‘ purpose. But with how little
 reason any have presum’d to deny
 the Divine Authority and spiritual
 Design of this Book, will appear
 when ’tis consider’d; That it has
 always been number’d among the Ca-
 nonical Books of the Old Testament
 both by Jews and Christians. The
 Title given it by the Chaldee Para-
 phrast is, Songs and Hymns, which
 Solomon the Prophet, the King of
 Israel, utter’d by the Spirit of
 Prophecy before the Lord, the
 Lord of all the World. The ex-
 treme Reverence the Jews had for
 it, as containing Divine Mysteries
 of the highest rank, was the reason
 of their prohibiting their Children
 to read it (as well as the first Chapter
 of Genesis, and both the beginning
 and end of the Prophecy of Ezekiel)
 till they arriv’d at 30 years of Age.
 They call it The || Holy of Holies,
 and say its Divine Authority was

קדש
 קדשים

never so much as controverted among them by any but the Profane. They say the Name [Solomon] mention'd in this Song is sacred, and to be ascrib'd to the Messiah, the Prince of Peace. And the most celebrated Christian Writers, both Antient and Modern, so generally agree in the Divine Original of this Song, that it is as needless as it would be endless to name 'em.

'Tis true, this Poem treats of two Lovers, sometimes under the Character of a Shepherd and Shepherdess, and sometimes under that of a Prince and Princess. But does it thence follow that it has not a Mystical Sense, designing to set forth the mutual Love of Christ and his Church, when 'tis so usual a thing to find Allegories in the Divine Writings? The 45th Psalm celebrates the same mystical Espousals, and very much in the same strain (a Version of which I have





have therefore added at the end)
and John the Baptist gives the Cha- ^{John 3.29.}
acter of Bridegroom to our Blessed
Saviour, as well as John the Apostle. ^{Rev. 19.}
The Apostle Paul uses the same kind ^{7, 9.}
of Language, when he alludes to ^{Eph. 5.}
Marriage, in speaking of the mystical ^{22-33.}
Union of Christ and the Church. ^{2 Cor. 11.}
Indeed it may be allow'd that here
are divers Allusions to Solomon and
his Queen, their Court and Gar-
dens, &c. and the rather because
Solomon was an eminent Type of
Christ; but Longè majora canun-
tur, and a Greater than Solomon
is here, as is evident not only from
what has been already said, but
from the improbable things that will
result from the contrary supposition.
For instance, if Solomon were one
of the principal Subjects of this
Song, is it to be imagin'd that he
would speak so largely in his own
praise, and magnify his own Beauty
to so high a degree? On the other

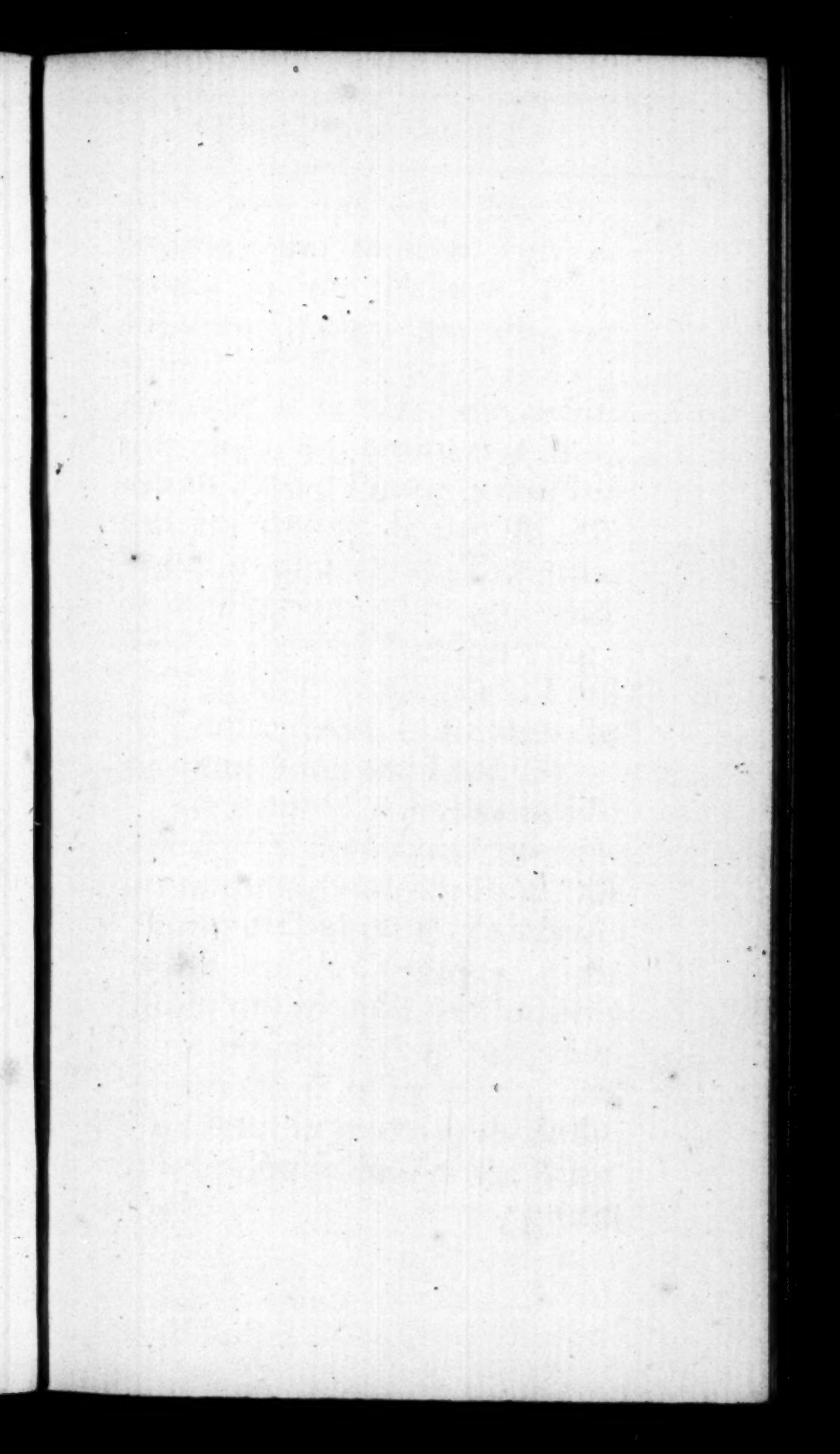
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hand,

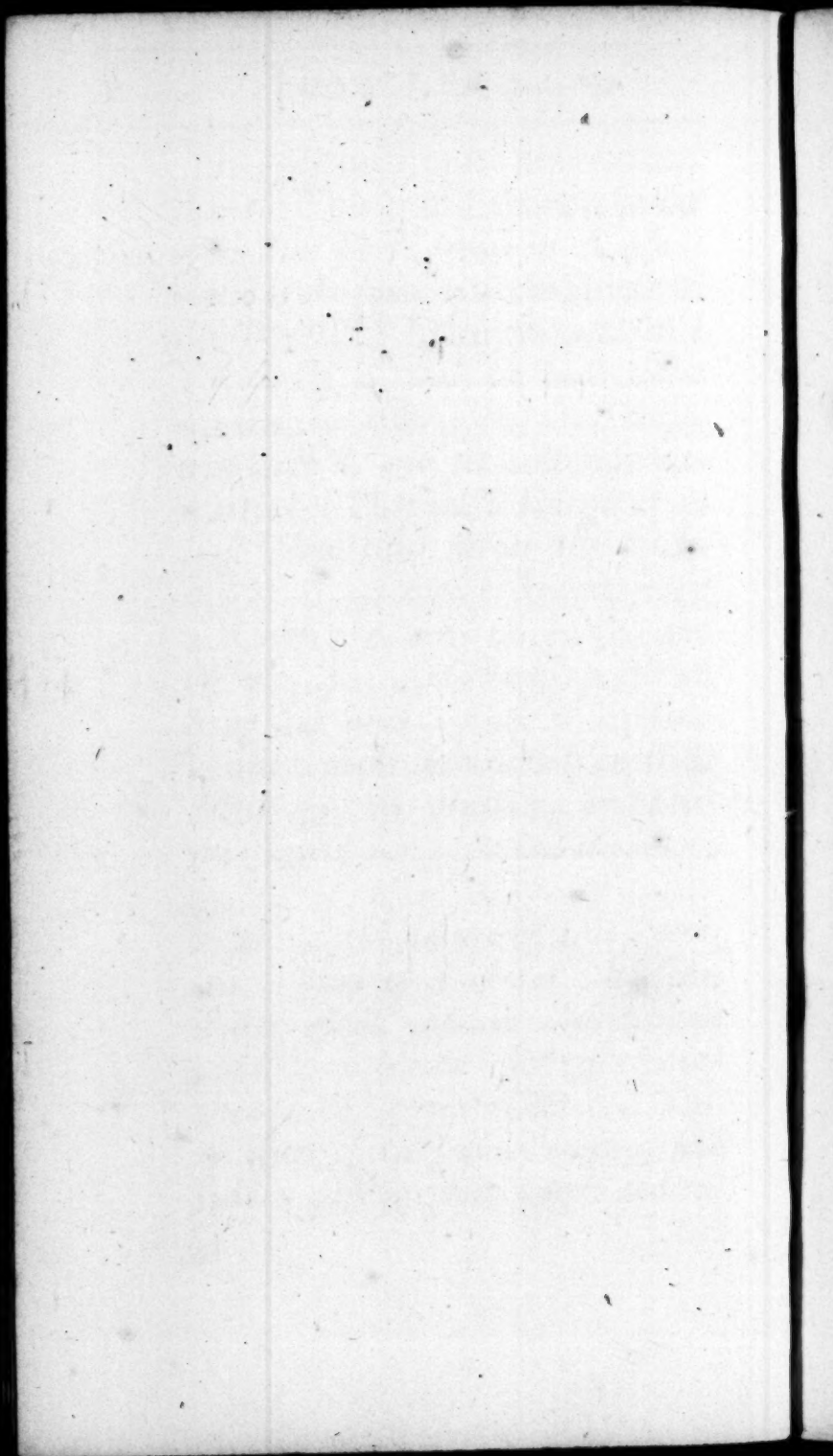
hand, is it likely he should one while so plainly set forth the Defects and Imperfections of his Bride, and at another time extol her to the Skies? Is it to be thought he would make her so amorous and importunate in her inquirys after him? or that he would represent his Queen running unattended thro the Streets of Jerusalem in the night to seek him; and so exposing her self to all manner of Affronts and Abuses, contrary to the rules of Decency? This no way agrees with the Modesty and Reservedness of her Sex (especially in those Times, and in that Place) nor with the Greatness of her Quality: for in this part of the Song she is not consider'd as a Shepherdess in a Country Cottage, but as a Princess in her City Palace. Now all this, and much more to the same purpose, which for brevity sake I forbear to mention, will very well bear a mystic Sense, and may easily be accommodated

to Christ and the Church. For 'tis no wonder if Solomon speaks highly in the praise of this heavenly Bridegroom, and represents this Bride sometimes veil'd with Blemishes and Infirmities, and sometimes without any Defect, shining with Beauty and Glory; because the various Conditions and Frames of the Church of Christ make her appear very much to differ from herself, when view'd in different respects and at different times. 'Tis no Trespass on her Modesty, but an addition to her Glory, to represent her Love to Christ extremely fervent. Her diligent Inquiry after him in the night, when withdrawn from her; after she refus'd him admission, her Sorrows and Afflictions in seeking him, her Transports of Joy when she finds him, all suite very well with what passes between our Saviour and his Spouse while she continues in this lower World.

It is likewise worth observation, that the Tower of Lebanon spoken of in this Book, which in all appearance is the same with the House of the Forest of Lebanon mention'd 1 Kings 7. 2. was not built till a considerable time after the Temple was finish'd, and yet Solomon was married to Pharaoh's Daughter at least some time before the finishing of it, as appears by comparing 1 Kings 3. 1. with ch. 6. 38. and ch. 7. 1, 2. And therefore, if this Song had been a kind of Epithalamium made immediately on their Marriage, this Building in Lebanon would not have bin alluded to in it.

As to the nature of this Poem, 'tis a kind of Pastoral, tho some Parts of it contain Descriptions more agreeable to a Prince's Court than to a Shepherd's Cottage. This mixture of City and Country, and sudden passing from simple and rustic



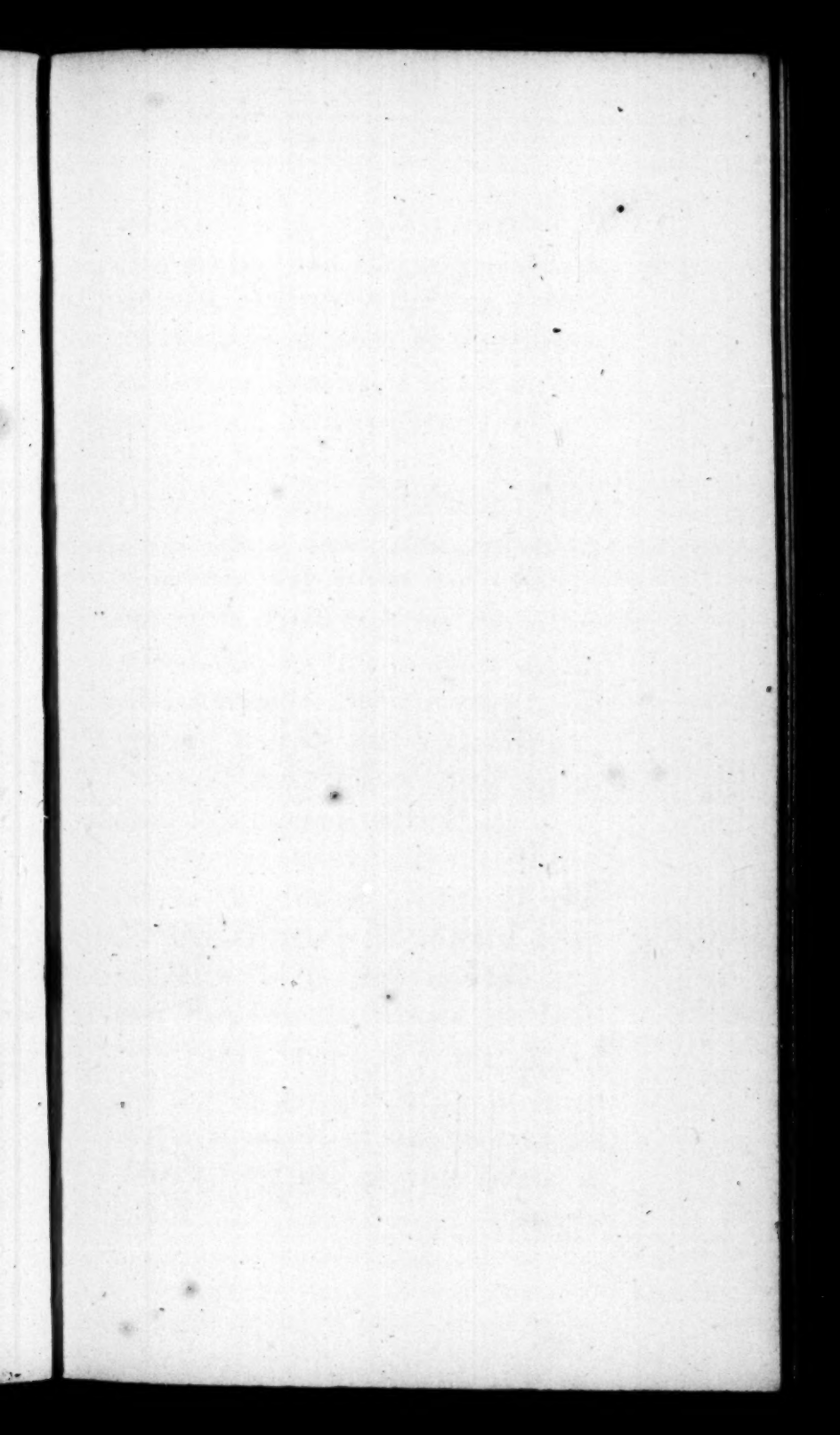


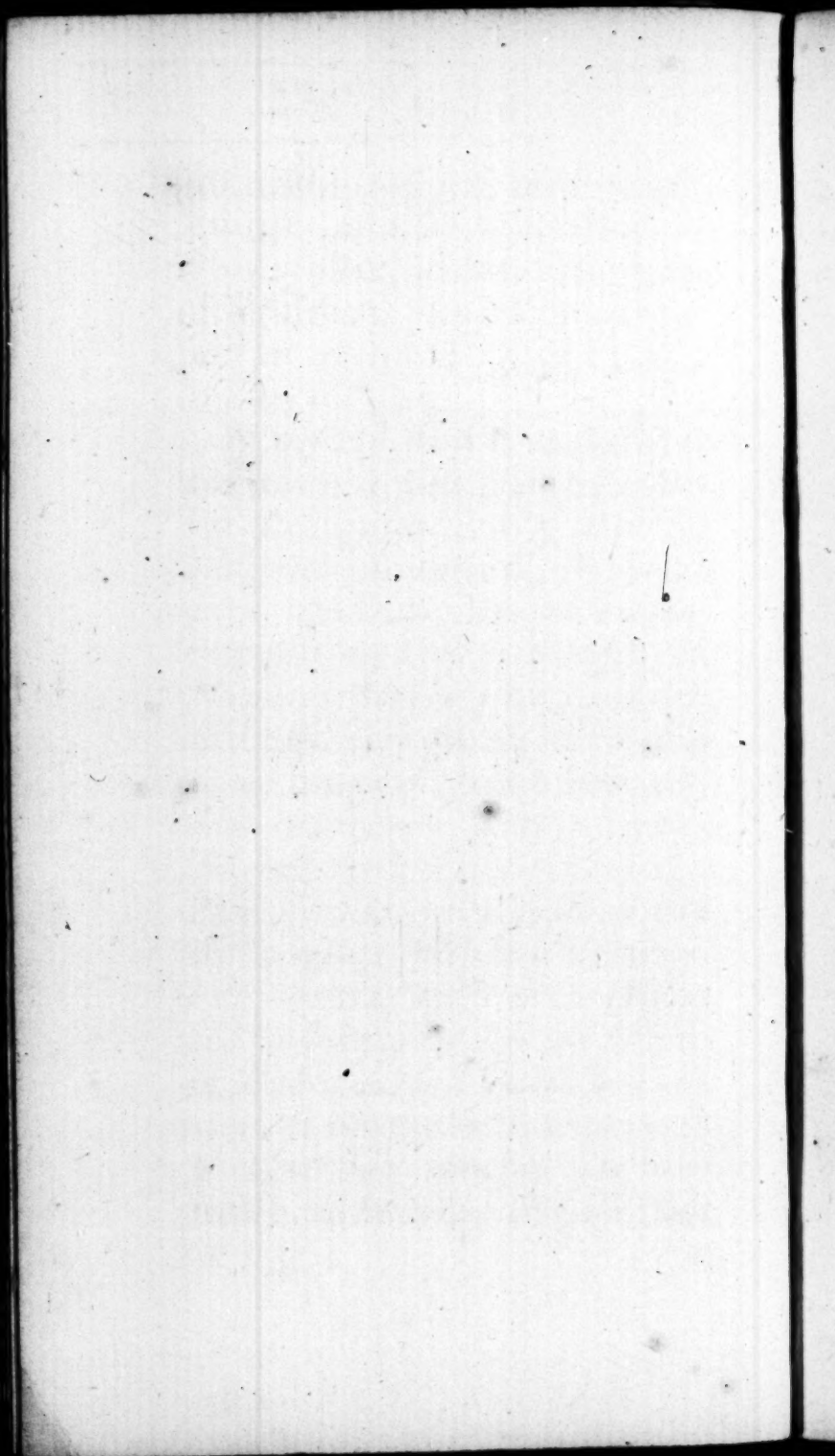
stick to noble and magnificent Descriptions, was no doubt highly esteem'd in the Hebrew Poesy (whatever Account our Moderns make of it) since we have such instances of it in this Poem, which was compos'd by the wisest of Men, and the choicest Piece of a thousand and five whereof he was the Author ; as appears by the Title given it of The Song of Songs, which signifies the most excellent Song ; as The King of Kings and Lord *Rev. 19.*
of Lords, denotes in Scripture the *16.*
Supreme King and Lord.

The Form of it is Dramatick : The Persons speaking and spoken to, are the Bridegroom, the Bride, the Friends or Companions of the Bridegroom, and the Companions of the Bride, who are called the Daughters of Jerusalem. As by the Bridegroom Christ is represented, and the Church in general by the Bride ; so the Companions of the Bridegroom

groom seem to signify the Prophets, Apostles, and other Ministers of the Word of God; and the Daughters of Jerusalem, young Converts, or such as are inquiring after Christ and his Religion.

If any are shock'd at the Stile and manner of Composure, as thinking the Figures some of them too bold, and not natural, the Transitions too abrupt, &c. let 'em consider that the Gust of all Ages and Nations is not the same; and that that is a very graceful Expression in one Language, which seems very mean in another. They that would judg accurately of the Stile of this Poem, should be well acquainted with the Language in which it was originally written, and with the Genius and Customs of the Age and Nation in which it was first publish'd. These none can now pretend to be thoroughly vers'd in; therefore 'tis more modest and becoming to lay the fault





on our own Ignorance, if we don't see that Beauty and Elegancy which the antient Hebrews did, in a piece compos'd by one who, by the testimony of God himself, had the highest intellectual Accomplishments of any man in the World, and who wrote it by the special Inspiration of the Holy Spirit too: And instead of puzzling our selves and others by too nicely criticizing on its external Form, to seek a more useful and agreeable Entertainment, in getting a solid and experimental knowledg and relish of those Spiritual Mysteries it contains.

I have attempted in the ensuing Sheets to give a Version of this Divine Drama; in which I have endeavour'd to keep as close as I well could to the Terms, or however to the Sense; to be modest and sparing in paraphrasing; to leave Passages capable of various probable Interpretations, in such terms as
might

might be differently applied. I have endeavor'd carefully to pursue the Ideas of the Divine Poet; yet not to tie myself only to his Terms so scrupulously as quite to neglect the Air of our English Poetry. No body expects a Translation in Verse from any Language can be perform'd verbatim, or as strictly as one in Prose. I have consulted the Original Text, and various Commentators on occasion, and taken the liberty to differ from our English Translation in some places where I thought it reasonable. For instance: ch. 1. 17. instead of [Rafter's of Fir] I say [Galleries of Brutine-tree.] Chap. 2. 7. ch. 3. 5. and ch. 8. 4. I take to be the words of the Bridegroom, and that he charges the Daughters of Jerusalem not to awake the Bride till she pleases; whereas our Translators suppos'd the Bride now speaking, and charging them not to awake the Bridegroom till he pleases.

ses. And since I am speaking of these Texts, it may not be amiss to advertise by the way that the Adjuration here made by the Roes and Hinds of the Field, is not to be understood as if the Party speaking swore by these Creatures: for as God swears *Heb. 6. 13.* only by himself because he can swear by no Greater, so it is un- *Deut. 6. 13.* lawful for his Creatures to swear *Matt. 5.* by any thing below him. *34--36.* But these words may either signify, I adjure you who are by [or among] the Roes and Hinds, &c. or else may be taken for a kind of Obtestation, whereby these Creatures are call'd to witness against the Daughters of Jerusalem, if they should not observe the solemn Charge given 'em; as Heaven and Earth are by a Prosopopœia call'd *Deut. 30.* on by Moses to testify against the Is- *19.* raelites, and the Stone that Joshua *Josh. 24.* erected is term'd a Witness, and *27.* Hearing ascrib'd to it. Chap. 5. 10. the Bridegroom in our English

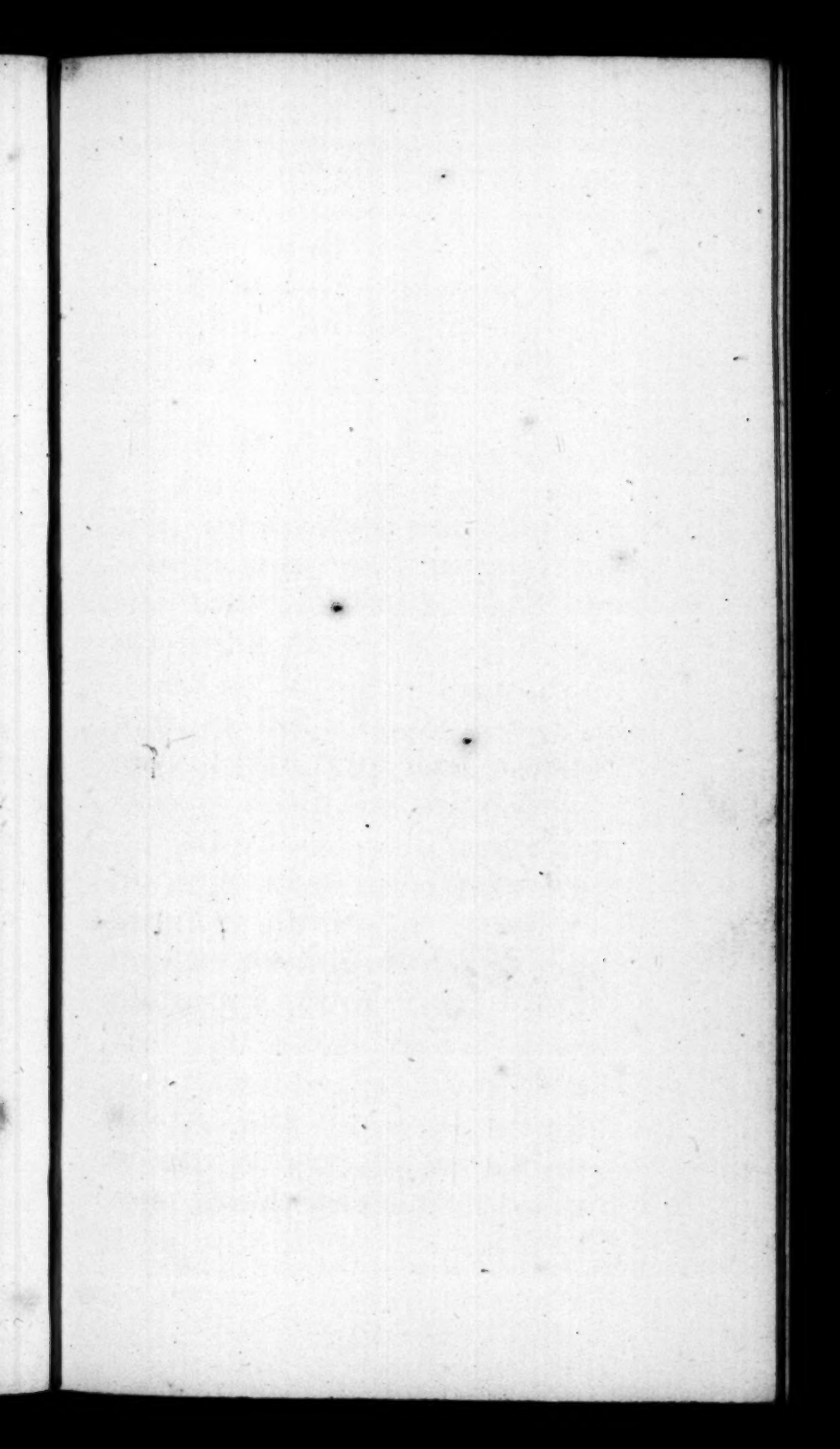
Tran-

*Translation is said to be the chiefest of ten thousand: This I think might better be render'd * [Carrying the Banner over ten thousand men] I therefore turn it thus:*

**Under his Standard marshal'd are
Ten thousand Youths, but none
so fair.**

What is call'd most fine Gold in our Bible, I render [the finest Gold, the Gold of Fez:] for there † חֲתָנִים *is † another word just before* פֶּז *that signifies fine Gold; therefore I take this to be the proper Name of a part of Africa still call'd the Kingdom of Fez: and perhaps because there was plenty of pure Gold in this Country, the Arabians term fine Gold Fez. (for Mr. Ainsworth in his Annotations on this place, tells us 'tis so*

** דָּגוּל מֵרֶכֶבָה Vexillum gerens, cui
subiunt decem hominum millia. Ayant une
enseigne de dix mille hommes. Mercer in loc.
call'd*



call'd in the Arabick Tongue.) I have throughout noted which Party is speaking, according to the best judgment I could make. How I have succeeded in these matters, must be left to others to judg.

I have compos'd it in such a measure, and divided it into such parts as might render it fit and easy to be sung in the Worship of God. If any should scruple so to use it, because the sense of it is (in many places at least) obscure and difficult; I desire them to consider that many of the Psalms are liable to the same Objection (particularly the 45th, which treats of the same subject of Divine Love) and yet these are not laid aside as useless to this purpose, because dictated by the same Spirit with those that are more plain and easy to be understood. The Obscurity that is found in this or other parts of the sacred Writings, should excite us to the greater
a diligence

diligence in searching after the mind of the Holy Spirit, that we may improve both in Grace and Knowledge. And the Providence of God has furnish'd various helps to this end, and some in our own Language: The Learned and Judicious Mr. Ainsworth's Annotations on this Book very well deserve to be perused by such as aspire after the knowledge of those excellent things of which it treats.

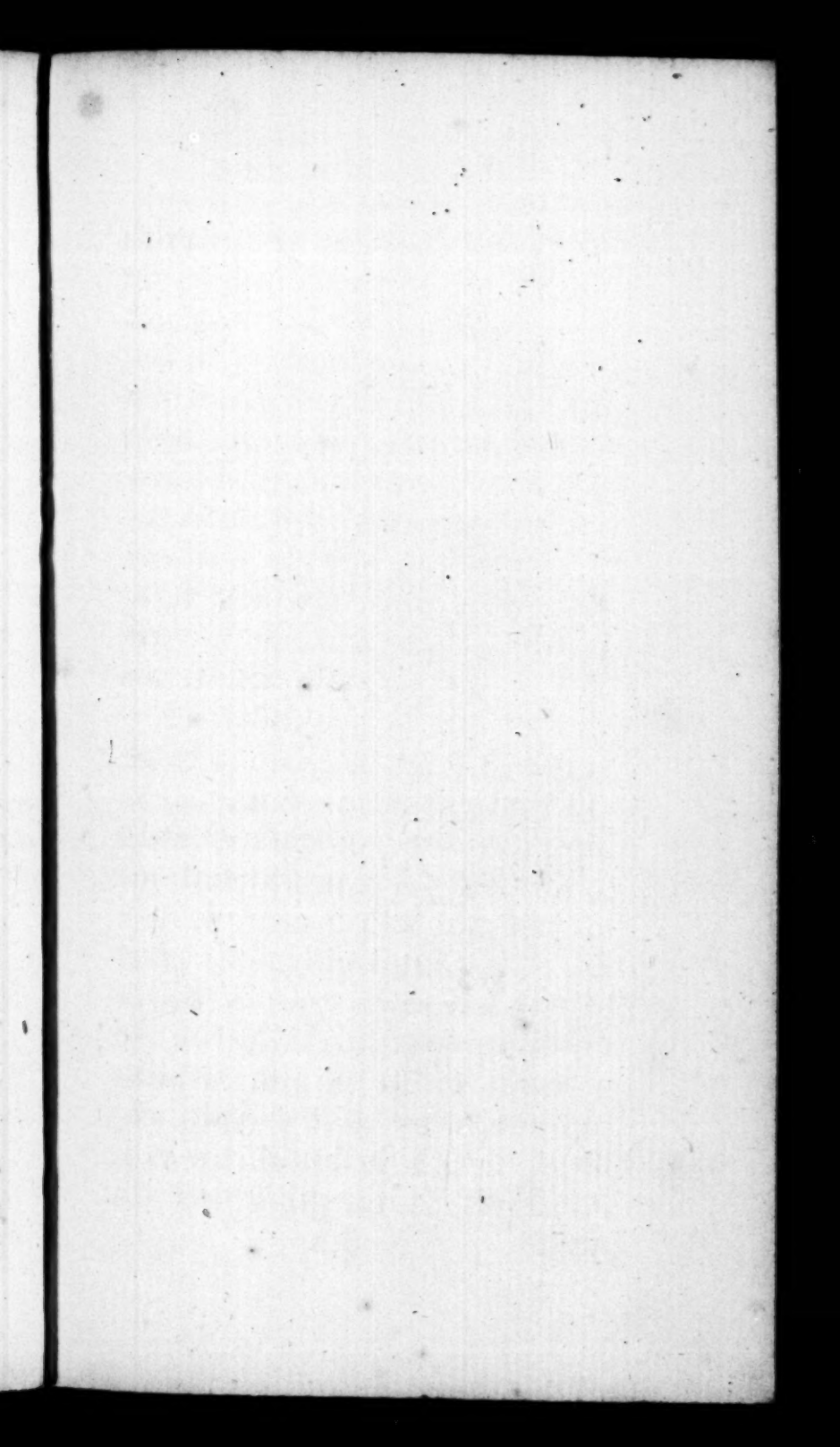
What is represented to pass between Christ and the Church in general in this Song, is in a great measure applicable to the Transactions between him and every particular Christian. Here we may discern the pious Soul convinc'd of Christ's Loveliness and Worth, inflam'd with Love towards him, and earnestly desiring and seeking intimate Communion with him, tho' she meets with many difficulties in her way. We afterwards find her transported

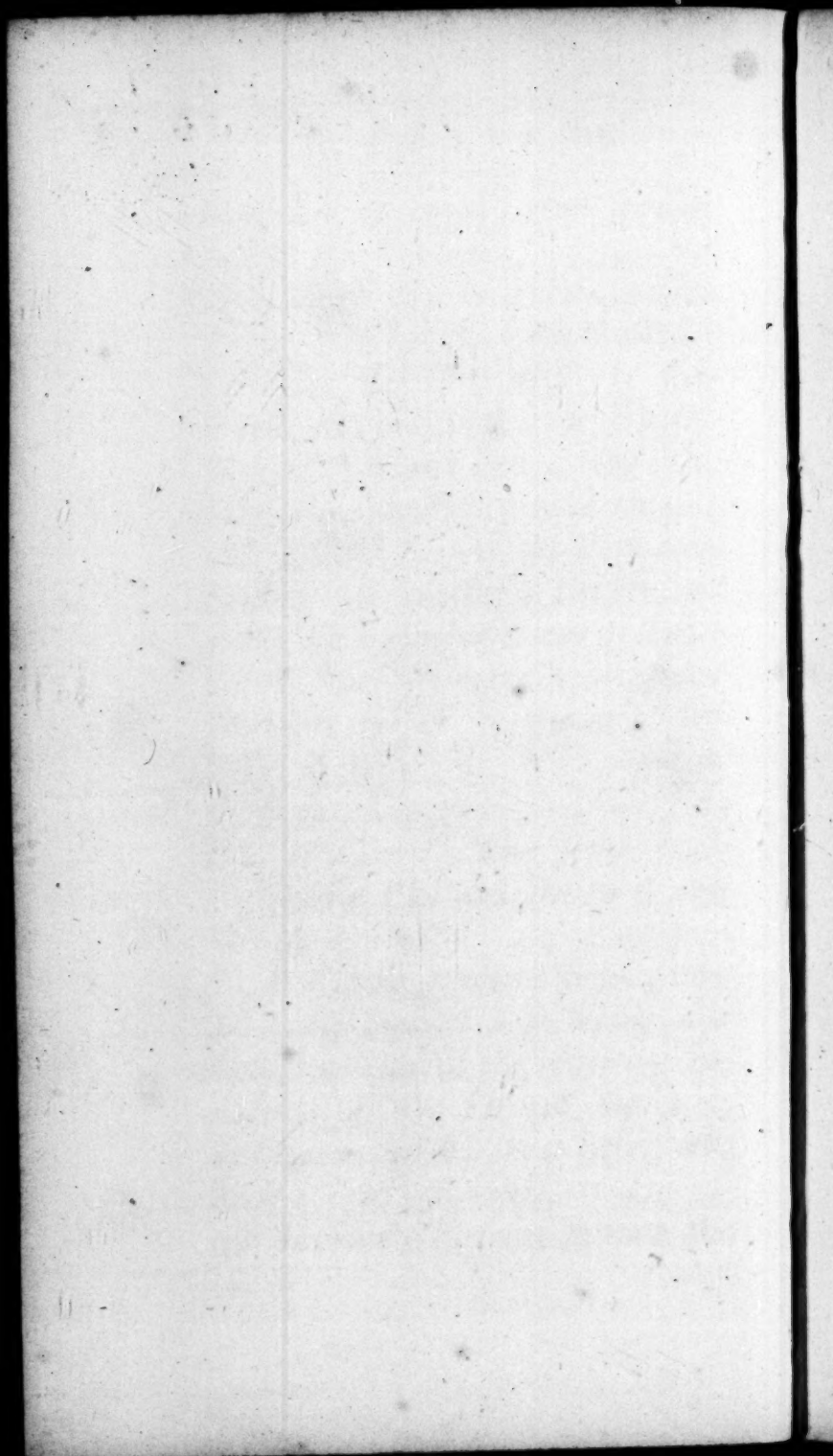
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ported with joy upon the reception of many signal favours from him, and very ample demonstrations of his Love, which are attended with the most grateful expressions of Love on her part. After this, through her Negligence and the power of Temptation, she grows cool and languid in her Affection to him, upon which he as it were retires and hides himself from her; he withdraws the manifestation of his Kindness, the want of which alarms and awakens her from her slothful Frame, and seems to fill her with almost as much Sorrow as his Smiles gave her Pleasure: her joyful Raptures are now turn'd into Sighs and Complaints. However, she resolves to seek her absent Lord, till she finds him: her Zeal revives: she makes great protestations of the Sincerity of her Love, and resolutions of her future Constancy: she diligently enquires after
a 2 him,

him, and at length, after having past through many Dangers and Difficuleys, she meets with him. Their renewed Communion then furnishes 'em both with the sublimest and most endearing Expressions of Joy and Love; and they take the greatest complacency in each other's Society, by turns describing one another's Beauty, till at last she seems impatient of longer delays, and to desire a yet fuller and more perfect enjoyment of her Beloved Lord, by a Translation from the Kingdom of Grace into that of Glory. This seems to be the general Plot and Design of this Divine Poem.

And those gracious Souls, who are truly converted to God, and have experienced the renewing Influences of the Divine Spirit to maintain their spiritual Life; who have a spiritual relish, or (to use our Saviour's Phrase) savour the things





things that be of God (*tho themselves are accounted the foolish things of this World*) will easily find much intelligible and instructive matter in this Holy Song, while the wise men of the world are pos'd with Mystery, and stumble at it. Not but that the wisest and most learned Christian may find some difficulties in it (as well as in many other parts of the Scripture) capable to exercise his pious Industry.

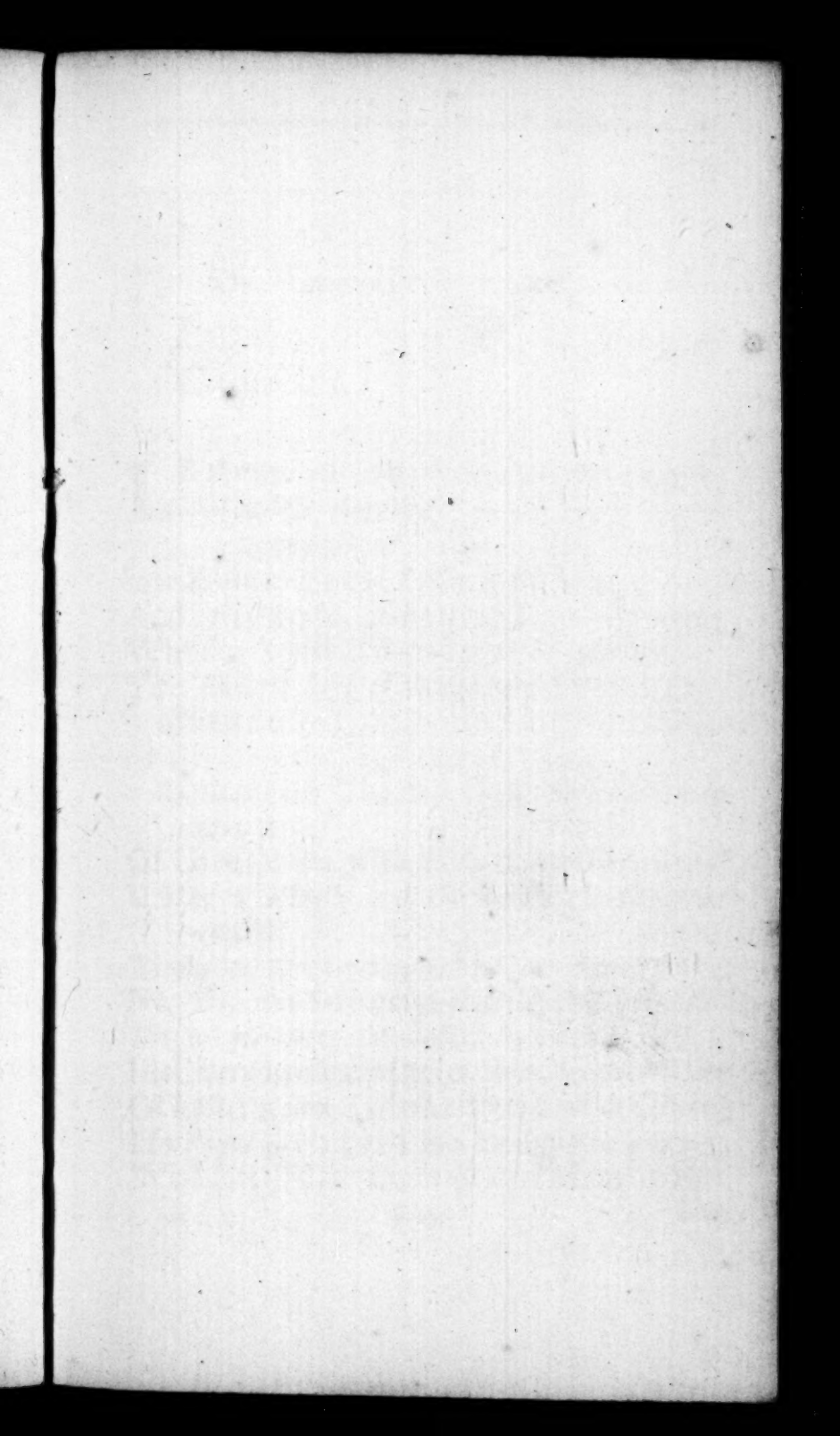
To conclude, If the whole ^{2 Tim. 3. 16, 17.} Scripture is given by Inspiration of God, and is profitable for Doctrine, for Reproof, for Correction, for Instruction in Righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished to all Good Works: Then this part of it is useful to these purposes: And we shall do well to attend to the Apostle's Exhortation, who says, Let the Word of Christ dwell ^{Col. 3. 16.} in you richly in all Wisdom,

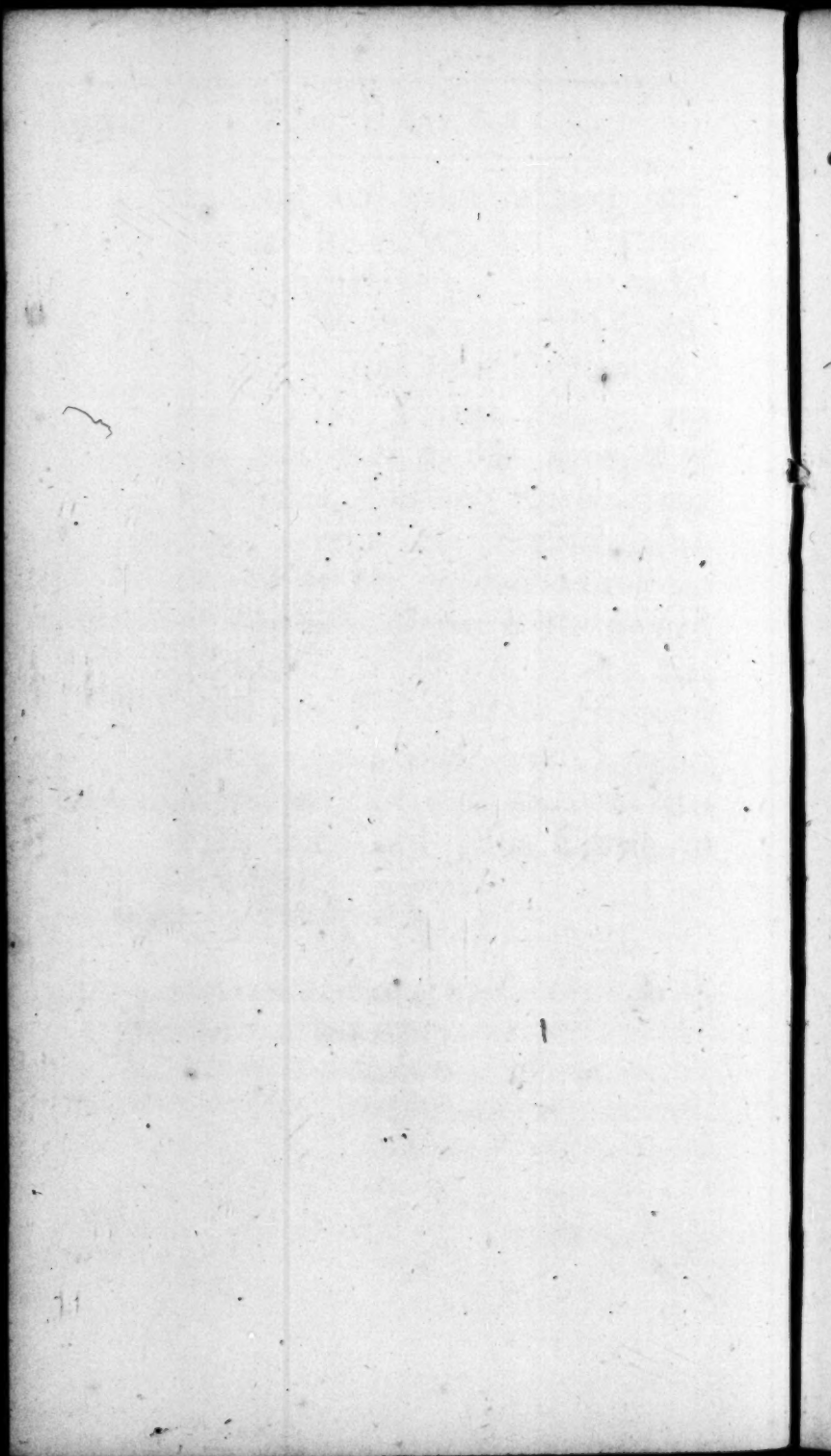
teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your hearts to the Lord.

And if this small Performance shall by the Divine Blessing any way contribute to the strength of those pious Affections which devout Souls bear to the Blessed Jesus, it will be the satisfaction and joy of him who esteems it the highest Honour in the World to be a Servant and Friend to the Heavenly Bridegroom; and heartily wishes

Eph. 6. 24. Grace may be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. *Amen.*

J. S.





To Mr. Joseph Stennett, on his
Excellent Version of the Book of
 Canticles.

LET untun'd Souls Poetic Flights despise,
 Who to the Heights of Verse could
 never rise;
 Insensible to all the Charms of Wit,
 And lofty Sense, in flowing Numbers writ;
 Whilst I (unskill'd to imitate) admire
 The *Hebrew Song of Songs* tun'd to an *Eng-*
lish Lyre.

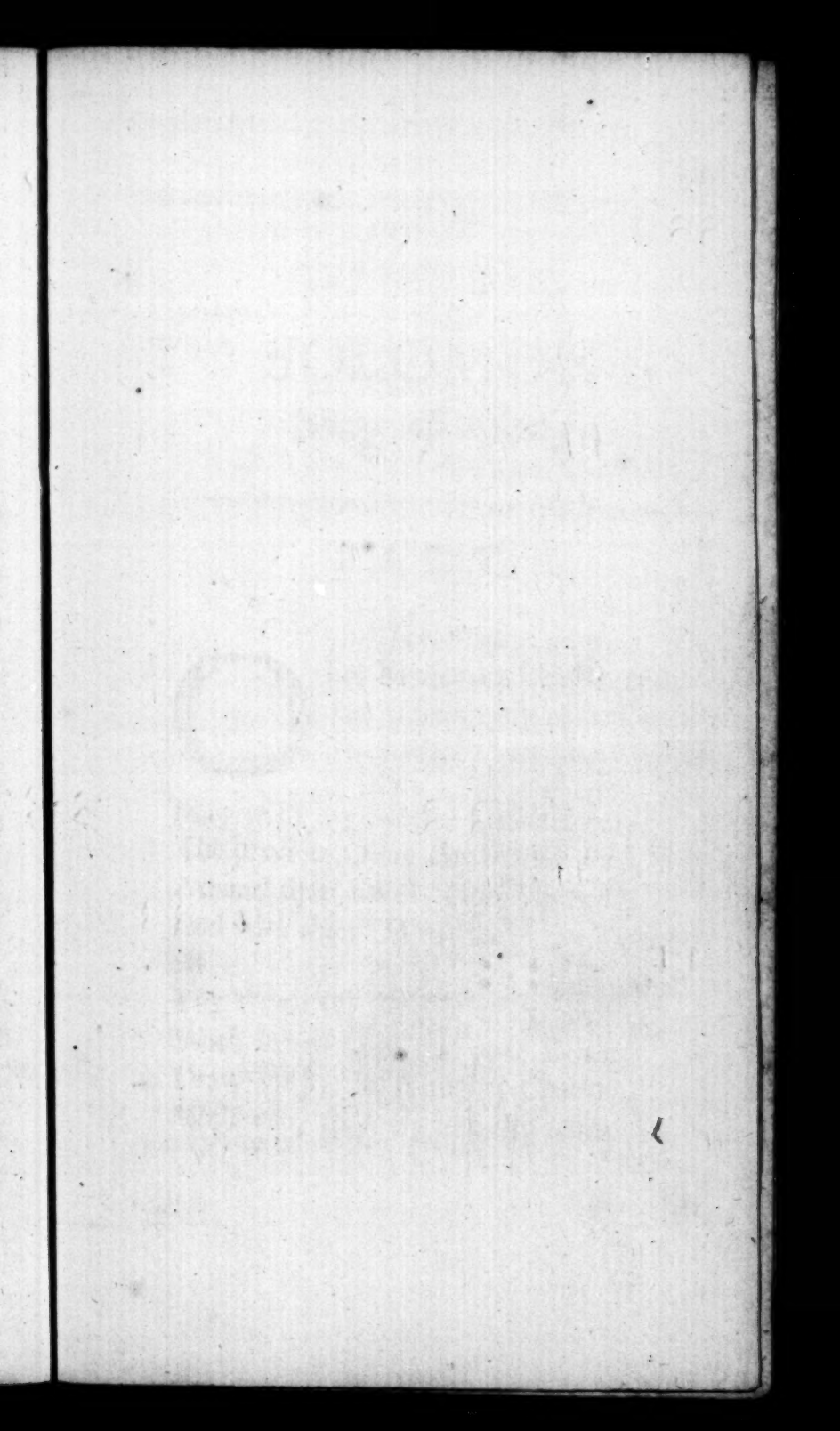
Sublime the Theme! This Sacred Poem
 treats
 Of Love Divine, with all its charming Sweets.
 Under a *King's* and *Shepherd's* Name con-
 ceal'd,
 The Love of *Christ* is to his Church reveal'd:
 He, tho' the Sovereign Lord, *God over all*
Blessed for ever, condescends to call
 His Church, collected from the wretched Race
 Of sinful *Adam* (when adorn'd with Grace)
 His *Royal Bride*; and as a *Bridegroom* loves,
 With soft Endearments all her Passions moves.

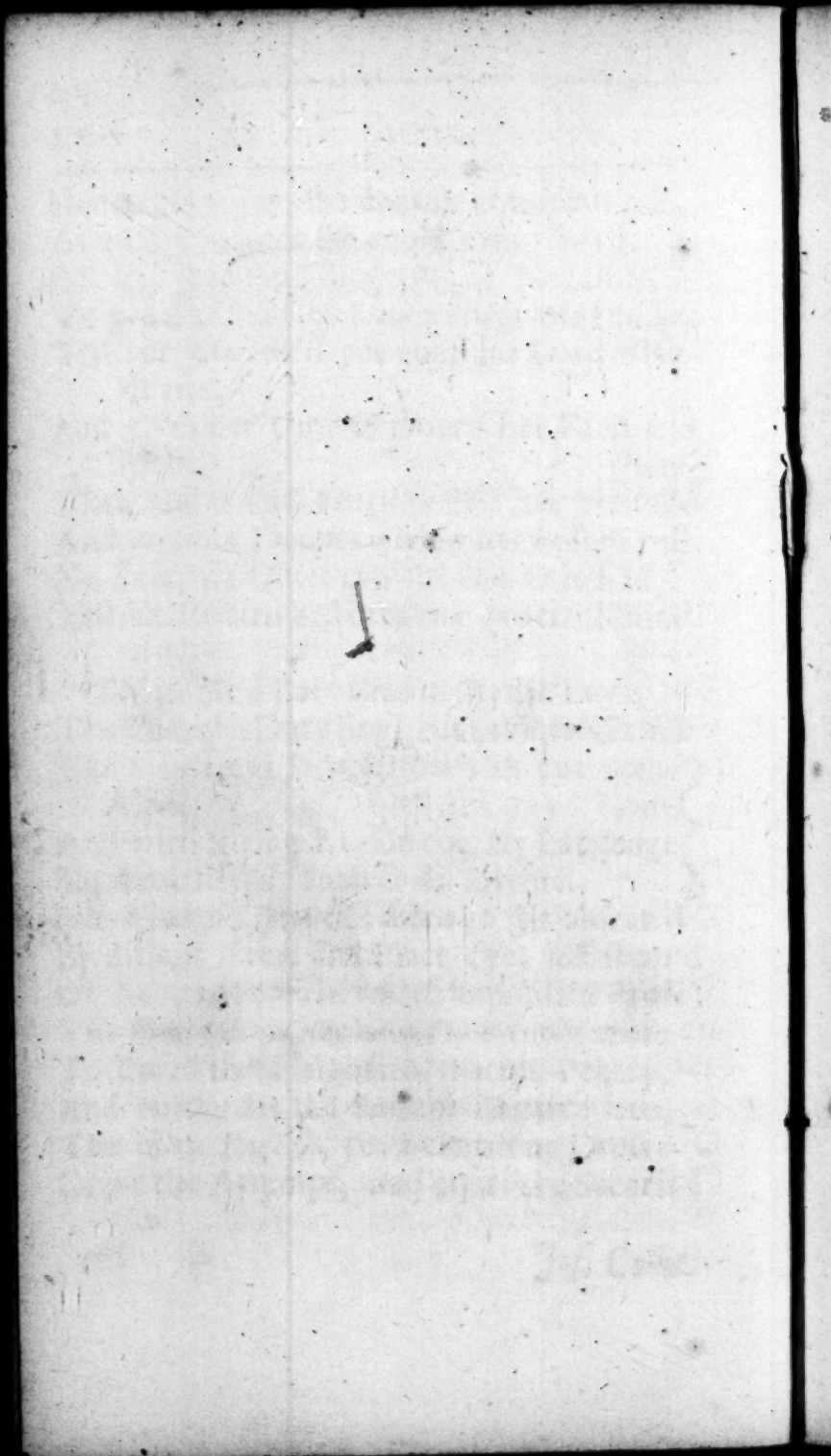
Her mighty Joys she does in transport tell,
 As on the Subject she could ever dwell.
 But ah! too soon forgetful of her Bliss,
 She grows secure; and then she grows remiss,
 Till her provok'd yet constant Lord with-
 draws,

And gives her time to mourn her Fault and
 Loss. (Soul,
 Then Cares and Fears possess her troubl'd
 And anxious Doubts within her Bosom roll.
 No Ease, no Quiet can the Fair One find,
 Till his Return restores her peaceful Mind.

- Th' inspir'd Poet thus in Mystic Lays,
 The Church's Duty sings, her Saviour's Praise.
 The Prince and Preacher both in one com-
 bine, (join,
 And with strong Reason courtly Language
 To beautify a Subject so Divine.
 But all these Beauties were to Us obscur'd
 By distant Time and Place (yet just secur'd
 Of the true Sense in rough unpolish'd Prose)
 Till You (Preacher and Poet too) arose
 To storm the Heights of Sacred Poetry,
 And boldly set the Smiling Captive free,
 Tho' in an English, yet a charming Dress:
 Great the Attempt, and equal the Success!

Jos. Collet.





C H A P. I.

Verse

SOLOMON'S

Song of Songs.

P A R T. I.

The Bride

2

O

Let him seal his Lips on mine,
His Kisses breathe a Love Divine:
No Juice the generous Vine can
bear,

May with thy sweeter Love compare.

3

The precious Ointments on thee shed,
Around their liberal Odors spread,
And with their Odors spread thy Fame;
Sweet, as rich Oils diffus'd, thy Name,
Thy Name the Virgins Hearts inspires
With sacred Love and pure Desires.

4

Draw me by thy Almighty Charms;
We'll run, we'll fly into thy Arms.

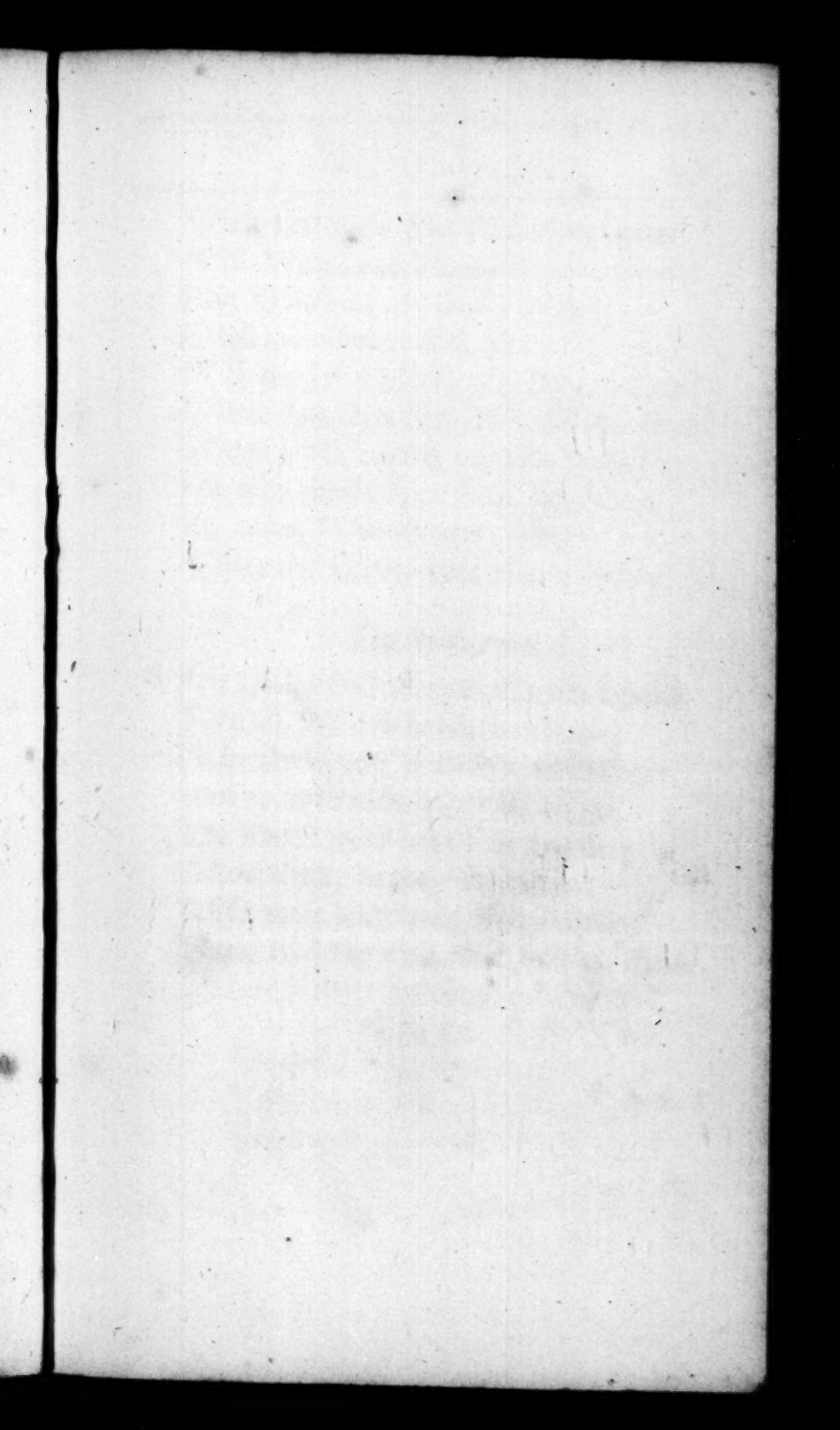
Me,

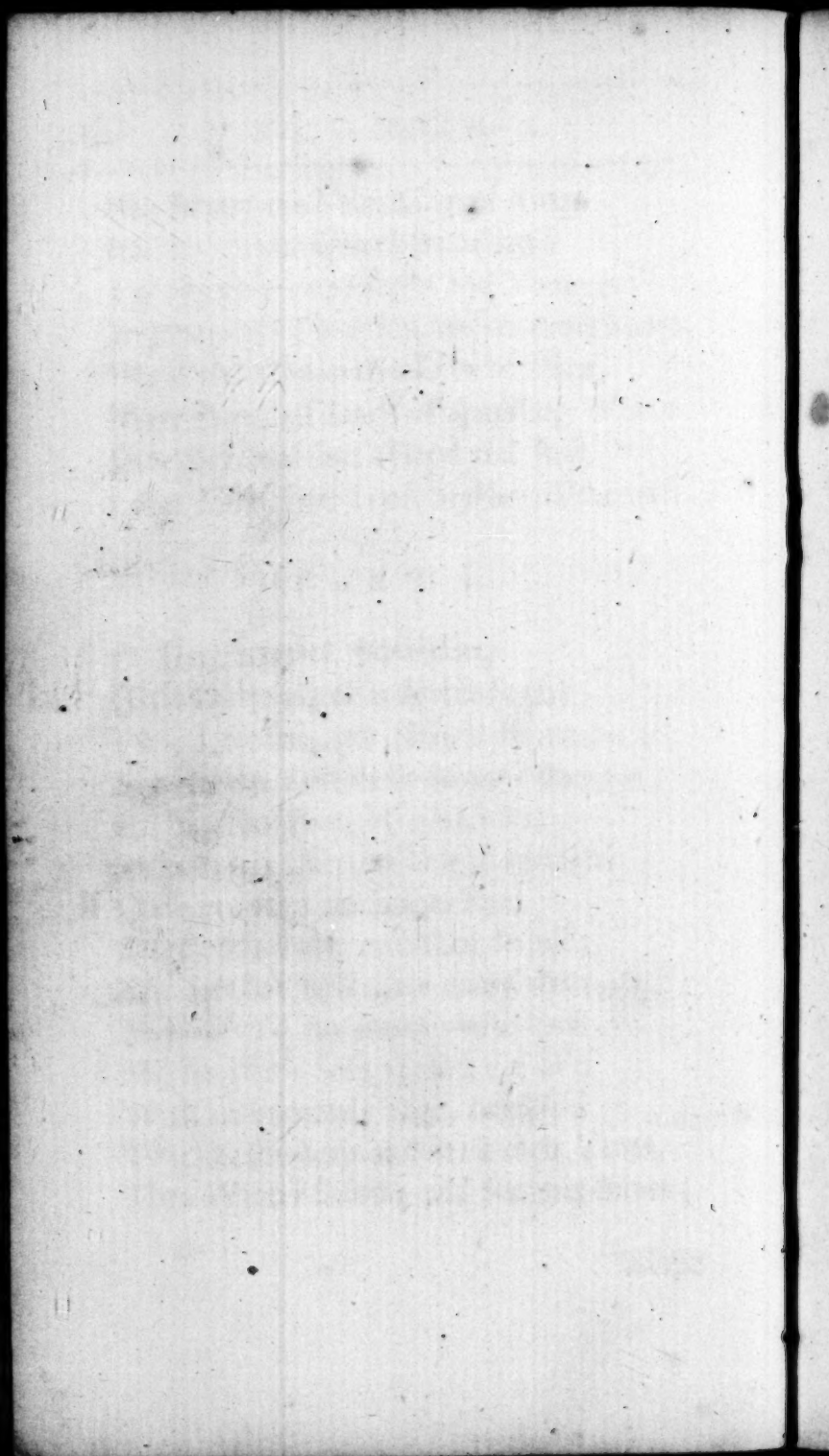
Me, happy me ! the King of Kings
 Into his Bridal Chambers brings !
 Joy sits upon our Hearts and Tongues ;
 Joy tunes our Thoughts, and tunes our Songs.
 We'll think upon this Love of thine,
 More than full Bowls of sparkling Wine :
 For every Soul that's Good and Just,
 Loves Thee, dear Lord, and love Thee must.

P A R T II.

- 5 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 (Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
 Tho, I confess, my Skin is brown,
 My comely Features you must own :
 I'm black as Tents of *Kedar* are ;
 As *Solemon's* Curtains bright and fair.
- 6 O do not with censorious Eyes
 Survey my Face, and then despise :
 The Sun has view'd me many days,
 And scorch'd my Beauty with his Rays.
 My Mother's Sons against me fir'd
 With an uncomely rage, conspir'd
 To make me keep and dress their Vines,
 Thro Winter-Storms and Summer-shines ;

While





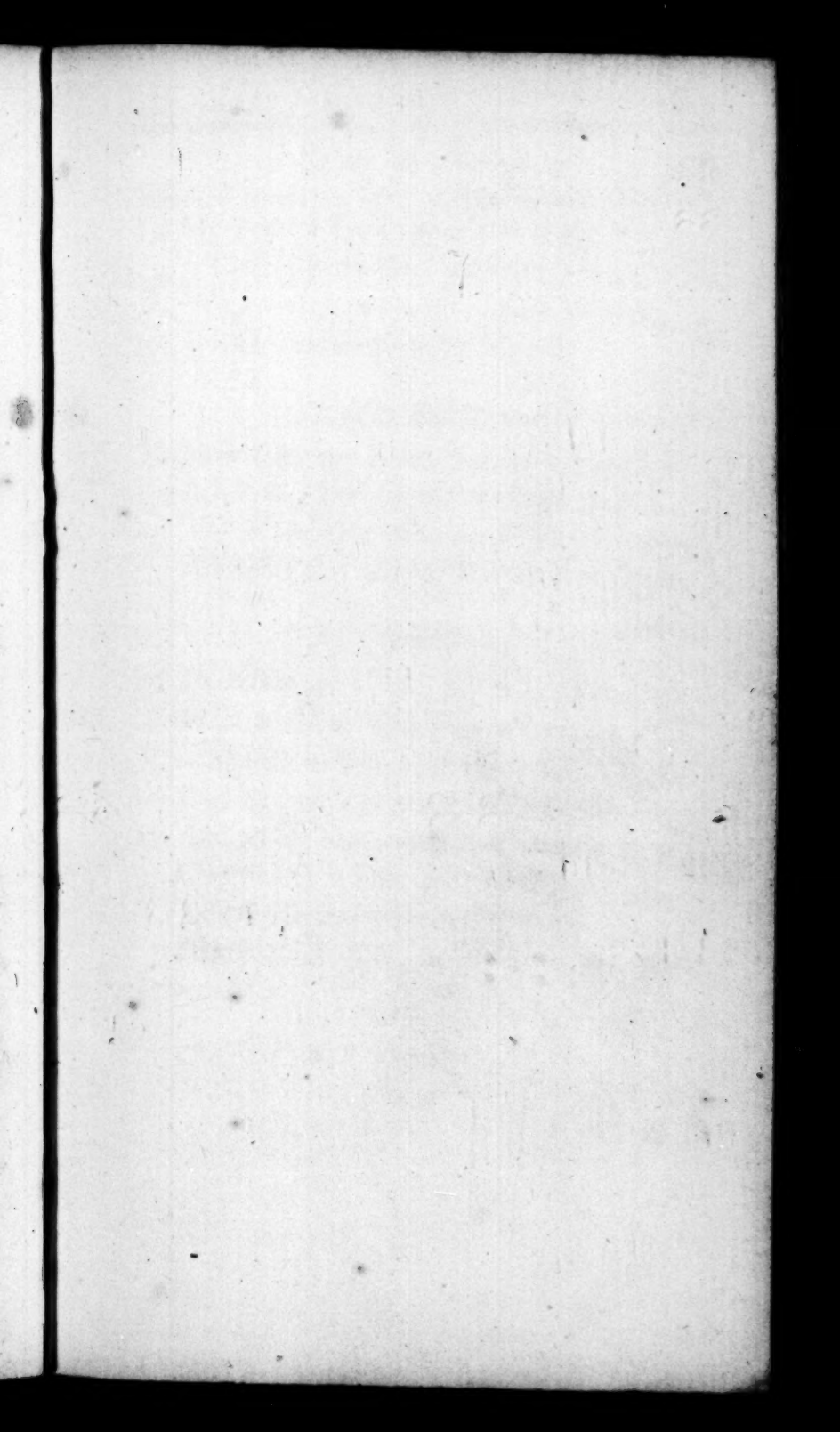
- While that lov'd Vineyard of my own
With Weeds and Thorns is all o'ergrown.
7 Dear Object of my Soul's Desire!
O tell me whither dost retire
With thy lov'd Flock, thy Joy and Care?
Where dost thou feed 'em? tell me where?
Where giv'st 'em soft repose at noon?
For why should I, as some have done,
To other Pastures turn aside,
Where thy Companions Flocks abide?

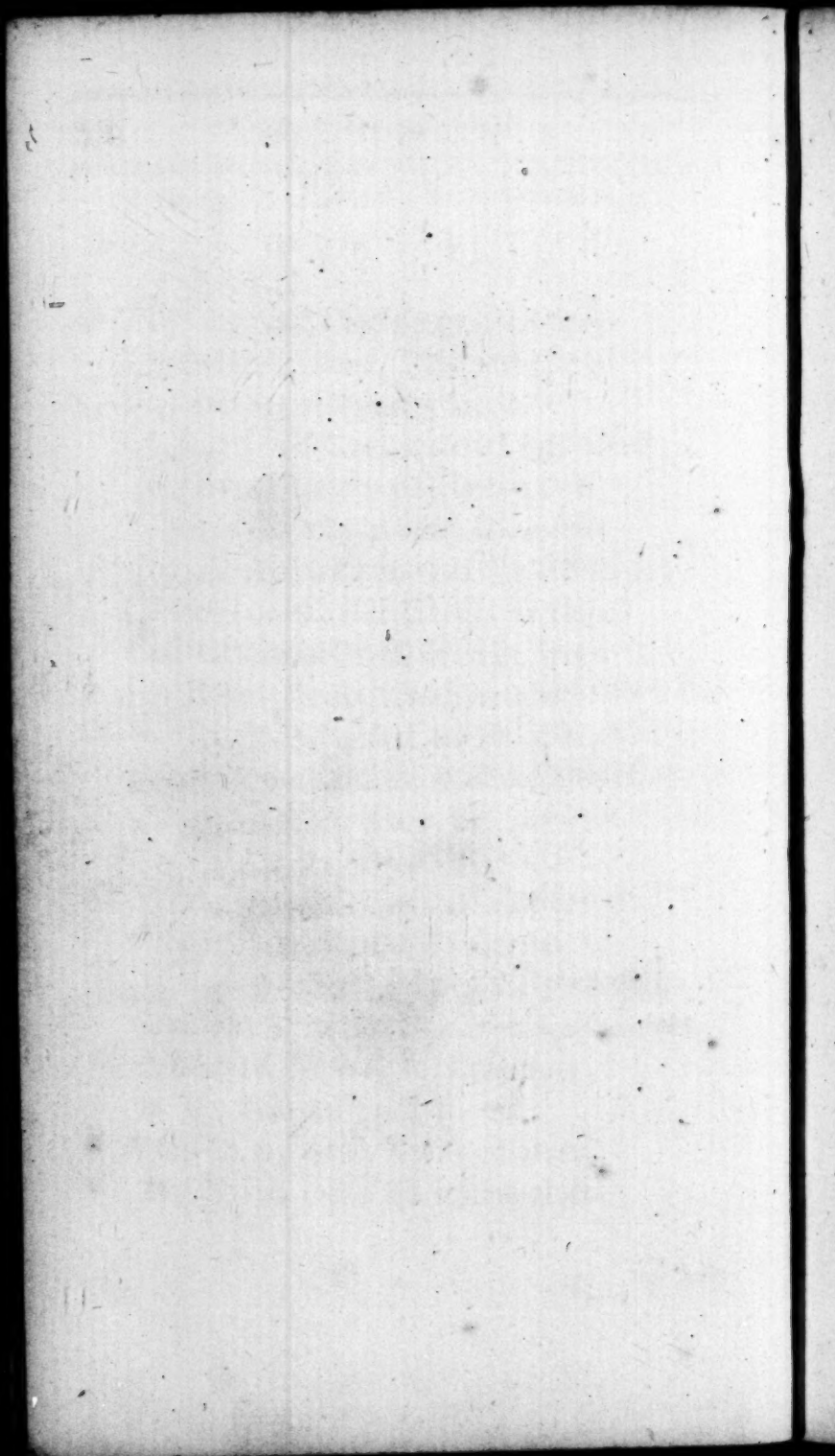
The Bridegroom.

- 8 Fair One, who hast more Charms ingross'd
Than all thy Sex beside can boast!
I'll be thy Guide, if thou wouldst know
How to my Fields and Folds to go.
The Footsteps of my Flock you see;
Follow them, as they follow me:
Beside those Shepherds Tents repair,
There feed thy Kids, and fold 'em there.

PART III.

- 9 Thy Steps and Post so graceful are;
 Thee, O my Love, I may compare
 To a fair Set of goodly Steeds
 Of that fam'd Race which Egypt breeds,
 To Pharaoh's pompous Chariot ty'd,
 When he in solemn State does ride.
- 10 Thy Cheeks with rows of Jewels shine;
 (Jewels become such Cheeks as thine)
 And Chains of Gold, fit to be worn
 On Royal Necks, do thine adorn.
- 11 We'll golden Borders for thy sake,
 Ponder'd with Sands of Silver, make.
- The Bride.*
- 12 While the glad King at Table sits
 Among his welcome Favourites,
 My Spikenard shall the Board perfume,
 And breathe its Sweets all round the Room.
- 13 A heap of Myrrh, for Fragrancy,
 Is my beloved Lord to me :
 Him in my Arms I will embrace,
 My Bosom make his resting place.





- 14 My dearest Love appears to me
A Cluster from the Camphire-Tree,
Whose odorous Gum in Drops distill'd,
Engedi's fertile Vineyards yield.

The Bridegroom.

- 15 How fair, my Love, how wondrous fair,
Art Thou, beyond what others are!
Thy Eyes, that flame with spotless Loves,
Are chaste and bright, like those of Doves.

The Bride.

- 16 How fair art Thou! my only Dear,
How Amiable dost Thou appear!
Come let us here securely rest,
Our Bed with pleasant Greens is drest;
17 And all we have delightful seems:
Our House is built with Cedar Beams;
The Galleries, contriv'd to be
For spacious Walks, with *Brutine-Tree*.

CHAP. II.

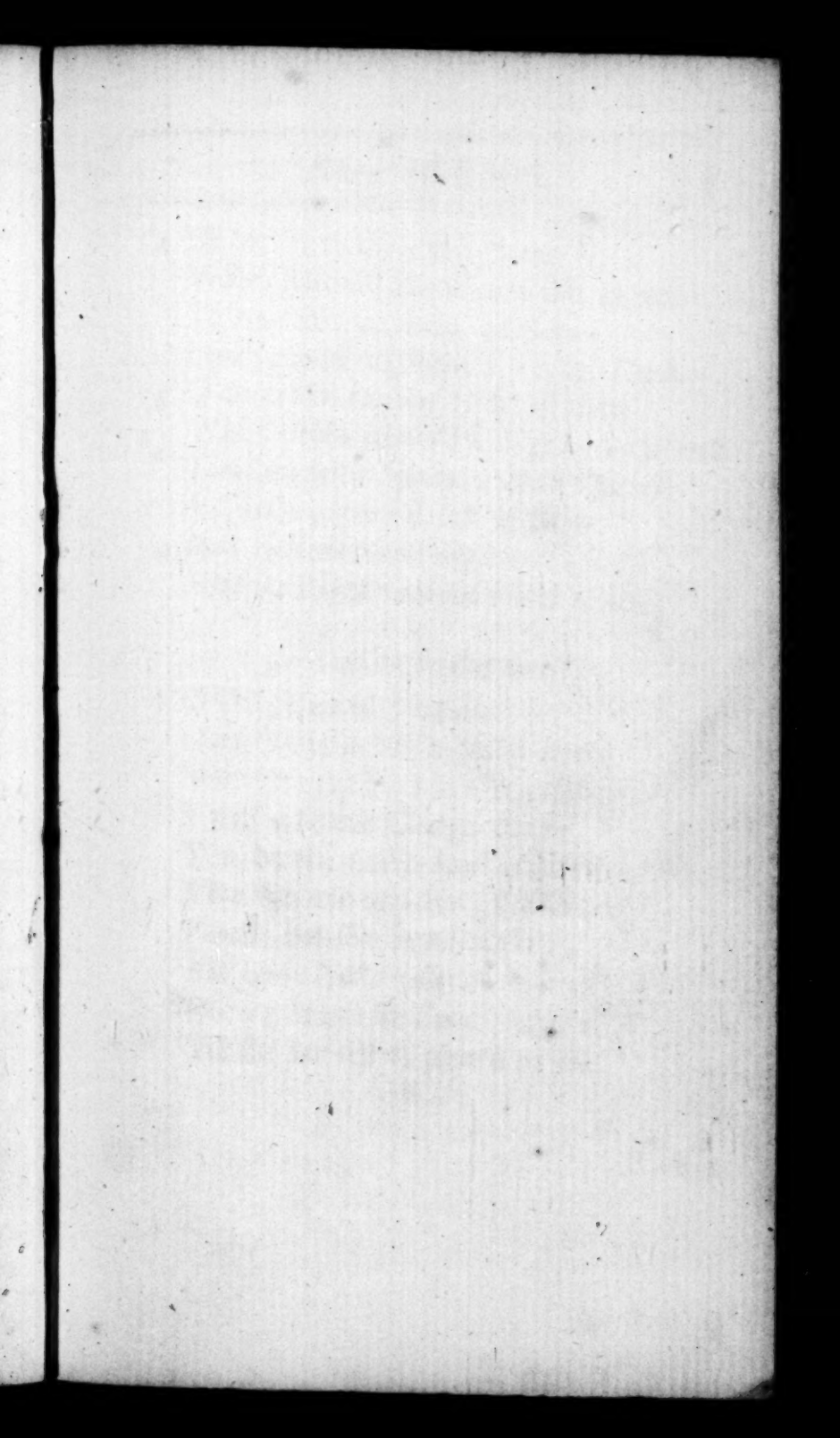
PART I.

The Bridegroom.

- 1 **I** Am the Rose of Sharon's Field,
The Lilly that the Vallies yield;
Which paint the Fields with White and Red,
And far and near their Odors spread.
- 2 Just as the Lilly, which adorns
The Vale beset around with Thorns;
So bright my Love appears among
The brightest of the Virgin-Throng.

The Bride.

- 3 Just as a Tree with Apples crown'd,
Amidst wild Shrubs encompass'd round;
So fair my Dear appears among
The fairest of the Youthful Throng.
To his cool Shade I did retire,
There sat me down, with great desire
To pluck his Fruit, which gave delight
Both to my Taste, and to my Sight.



- 4 He led me to the joyful Place,
Which splendid Banquets us'd to grace:
To entertain me there, he spread
Love's conquering Banner o'er my Head.
- 5 O chear this fainting Heart of mine
With Goblets crown'd with generous Wine!
Treat me with Apples, these will prove
A Cordial, now I'm sick of Love.
- 6 May his Left Hand my Head uphold,
May his Right Arm me round enfold.

The Bridegroom.

- 7 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
Since here my Love now rests secure,
I with a solemn Charge adjure
You, by the nimble Roes and Fawns,
That run and skip along the Lawns;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent Clamor make;
Nor jog her as she slumb'ring lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

P A R T II.

The Bride.

- 8 I hear the Voice of Him I love ;
And now I see him swiftly move :
O'er haughty Mountains how he trips !
O'er Hills and Rocks how fast he skips !
- 9 My Love is like a Roe or Fawn,
That runs and leaps along the Lawn :
Now by the Wall he stands I see,
Now through the Window looks at me :
His Face now through the Lattice shows,
His Beautys all their Charms disclose.
- 10 Nor stands my Dearest silent there,
His Voice, his charming Voice I hear :
" Rise, rise, my Love, make no delay,
" Rise, my Fair One, and come away ;
- 11 " For see the frozen Winter's gone,
" The Rains abate, the Spring comes on ;
- 12 " On the Earth's bosom Flowers arise,
" To please the Scent, and please the Eyes :
" The Birds begin to chirp and sing,
" To welcome the returning Spring :
" The Turtle in our Plains we hear
" Proclaiming the reviving Year :

- 13 " The Fig-tree her green Fruit discloses,
" And to the warmer Air exposes:
" The fruitful Vine begins to bloom,
" Her tender Buds the Air perfume.
" Rise, rise, my Love, make no delay;
" Rise, my Fair One, and come away.

P A R T III.

- 14 " My Dove, who in a Rock dost hide,
" And in the secret Cliffs reside,
" O let thy Face to me appear!
" Nor let me fail thy Voice to hear!
" That melting Voice of thine is sweet;
" And in thy Face all Graces meet.
- 15 " The Foxes, those young Foxes take,
" Which in our Vineyards ravage make:
" Strive to defeat their ill designs;
" For tender Grapes adorn our Vines.
- 16 My Love is mine, and I am his,
His Pasture 'mong the Lillies is.
- 17 Until the welcome dawn of Day,
When gloomy Shadows fly away,
Turn, my Beloved, turn again,
Nor let me call and beg in vain:

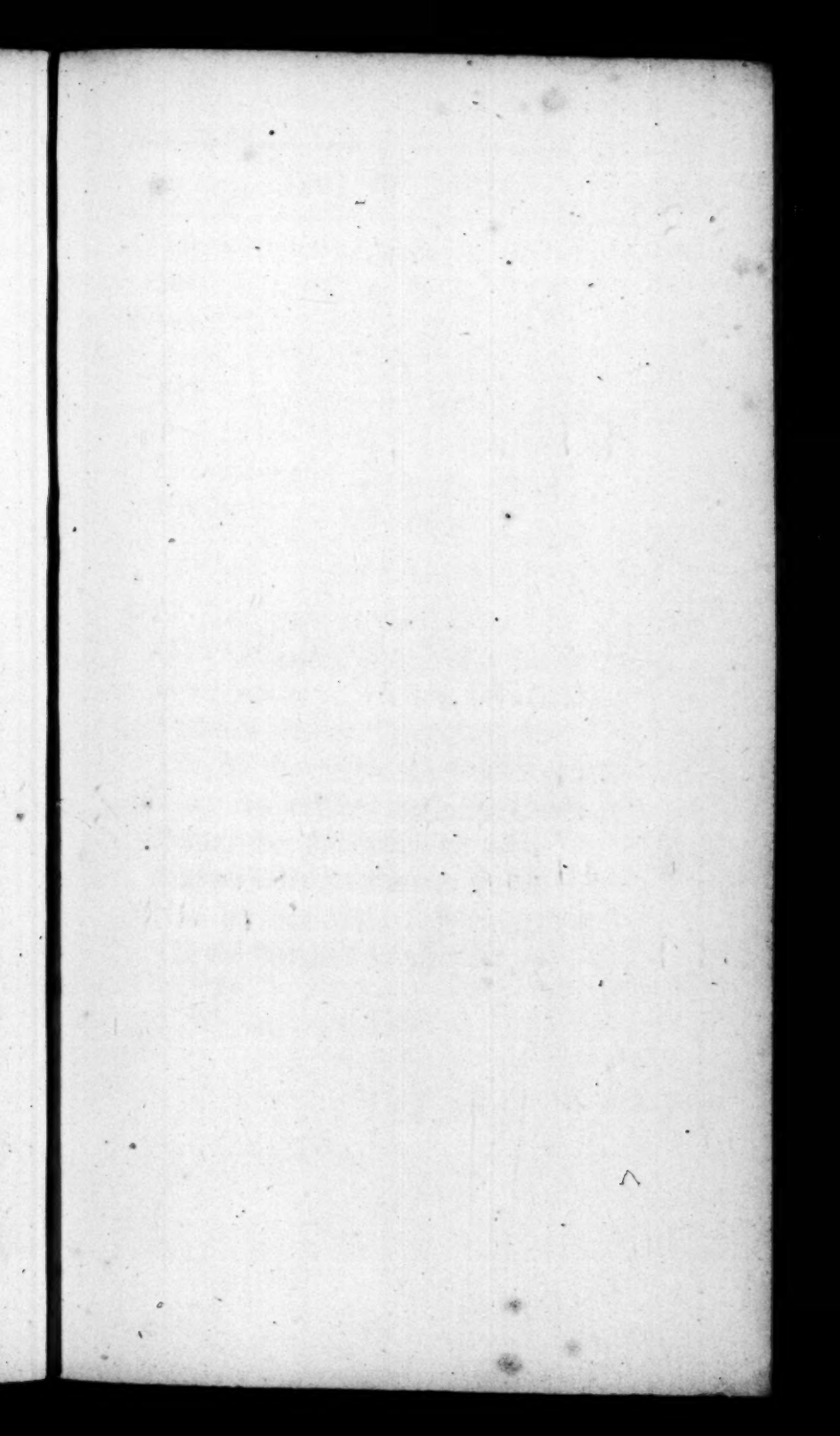
Be like a Roe or nimble Fawn,
That runs and skips along the Lawn;
Such as the Hills of *Bether* breed,
Such as the Hills of *Bether* feed.

C H A P. III.

P A R T I.

1 'T WAS dark, as on my Bed I lay,
My Dreams and Slumbers fled away;
Waking I miss'd my Soul's Delight,
I miss'd him in the shades of Night:
I call'd aloud, and call'd again;
I sought him, but I sought in vain.
2 I'll rise, said I, and search the Town,
View every corner up and down;
Search every Lane, and every Street,
Till I my Soul's Delight can meet.
For him I ask'd, and ask'd again;
I sought him, but I sought in vain:
I found not him, but I was found
By them that walk the City round,

The



The Watch that guard the Walls by night;
Saw ye, said I, my Soul's Delight?

- 4 From these not many steps I past,
And found my Soul's Delight at last:
Fast in my Arms my Dear I caught,
And to my Mother's Lodgings brought,
Into the joyful Chamber, where
I drew at first my vital Air.

The Bridegroom.

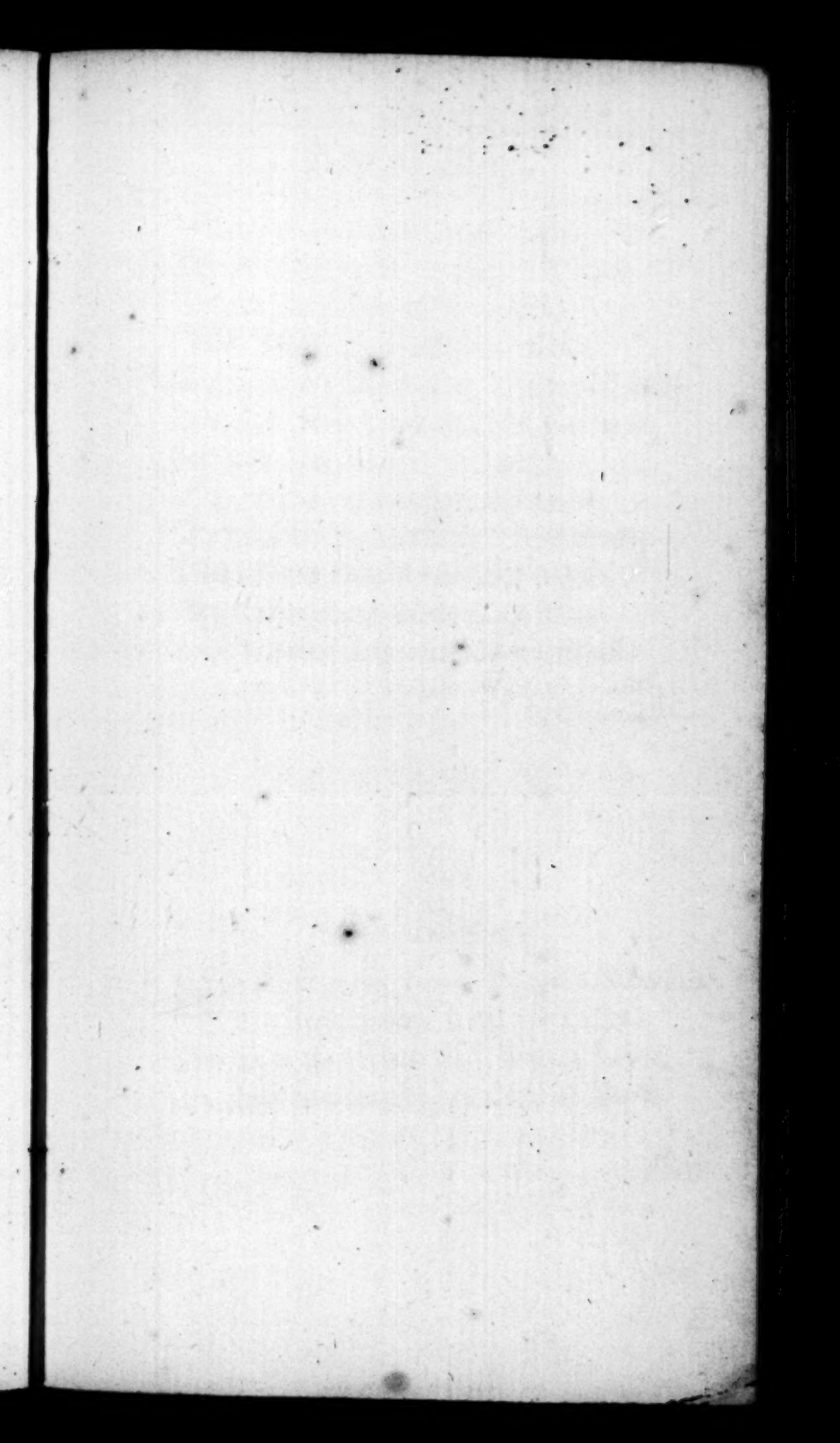
- 5 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
Since here my Love now rests secure,
I with a solemn Charge adjure
You, by the nimble Roes and Fawns,
That run and skip along the Lawns;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent clamour make,
Nor jog her as she slumbering lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

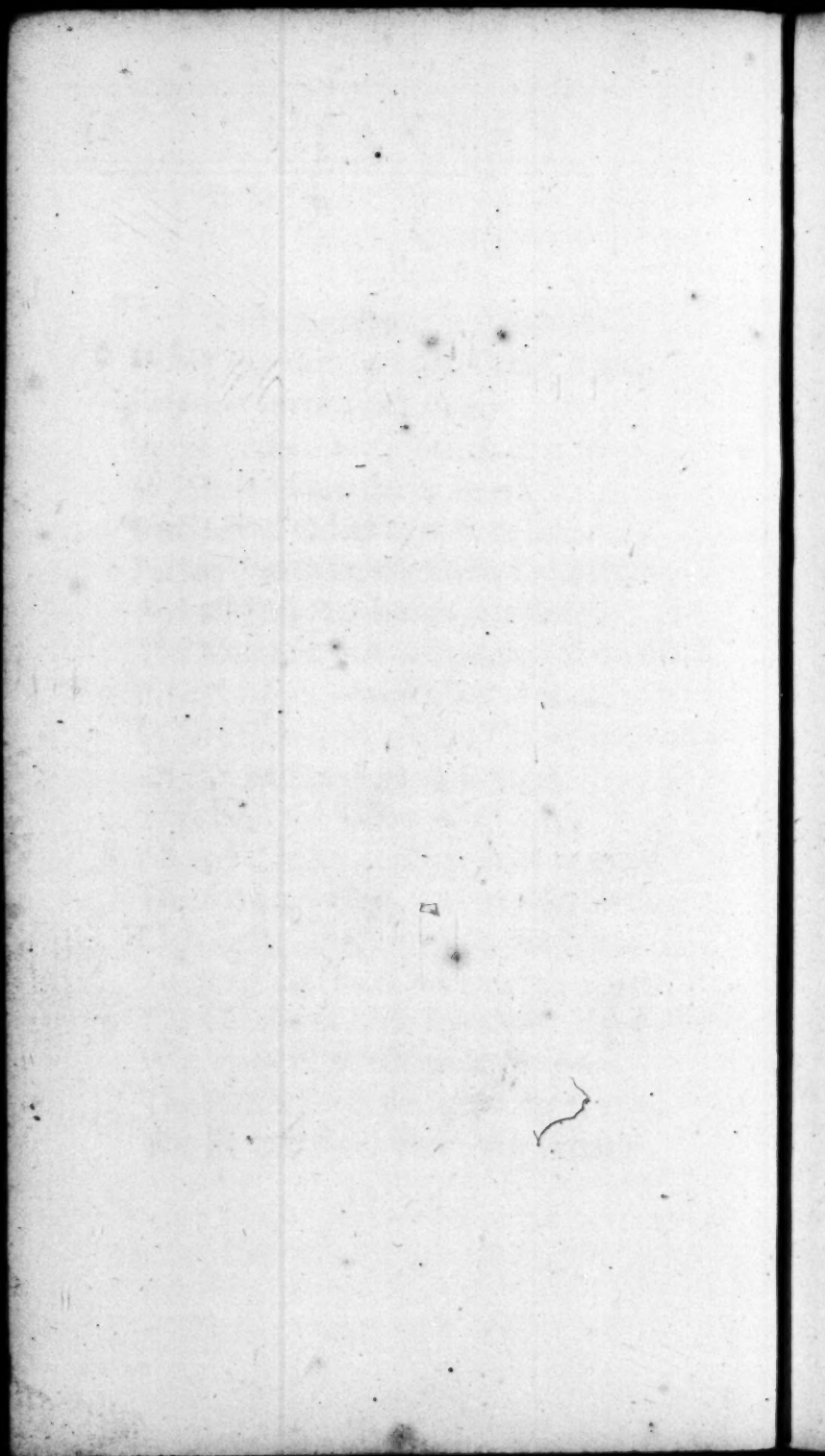
P A R T II.

The Friends of the Bridegroom.

- 6 Who's this that from the Desert comes,
Expiring Aromatick Gums,
Sweet as the Altar's Fumes, that rise
In Pillars to propitious Skies?
Such sacred Odors flow from her,
Perfum'd with Frankincense and Myrrh;
And all rich Powders of the store
The Merchant brings from th' Eastern shore.
- 7 Behold Great Solomon's Bed of State,
Where threescore mighty Champions wait;
All other Champions these excel,
That head the Tribes of *Israel*;
8 All vers'd in Arms, know how to wield
The warlike Sword, and warlike Shield:
Each on his Thigh his Weapon bears,
To guard the Court from nightly Fears.
- 9 The Chariot of King *Solomon*
Was made of Wood from *Lebanon*;
10 The Pillars Silver finely wrought,
The Bottom Gold from *Ophir* brought,

With





With *Tyrian* Purple lin'd above,
The Middle pav'd with mystick Love
For th' Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(The Offspring of a Noble Stem.)
17 Come, *Sion's* Daughters, bright and fair,
Like that blest Stock that did you bear,
See how King *Solomon* appears,
How bright the Diadem he wears!
Crown'd by his Mother's Royal Hand,
This smiling Day the nuptial Band
Him to his lovely Bride has join'd,
And Tides of Joy o'erflow his Mind.

C H A P. IV.

P A R T I.

The Bridegroom.

1 **H**OW fair, my Love, how wondrous fair
Art thou beyond what others are!
Thy Eyes that flame with spotless Loves,
Are chaste and bright like those of Doves.

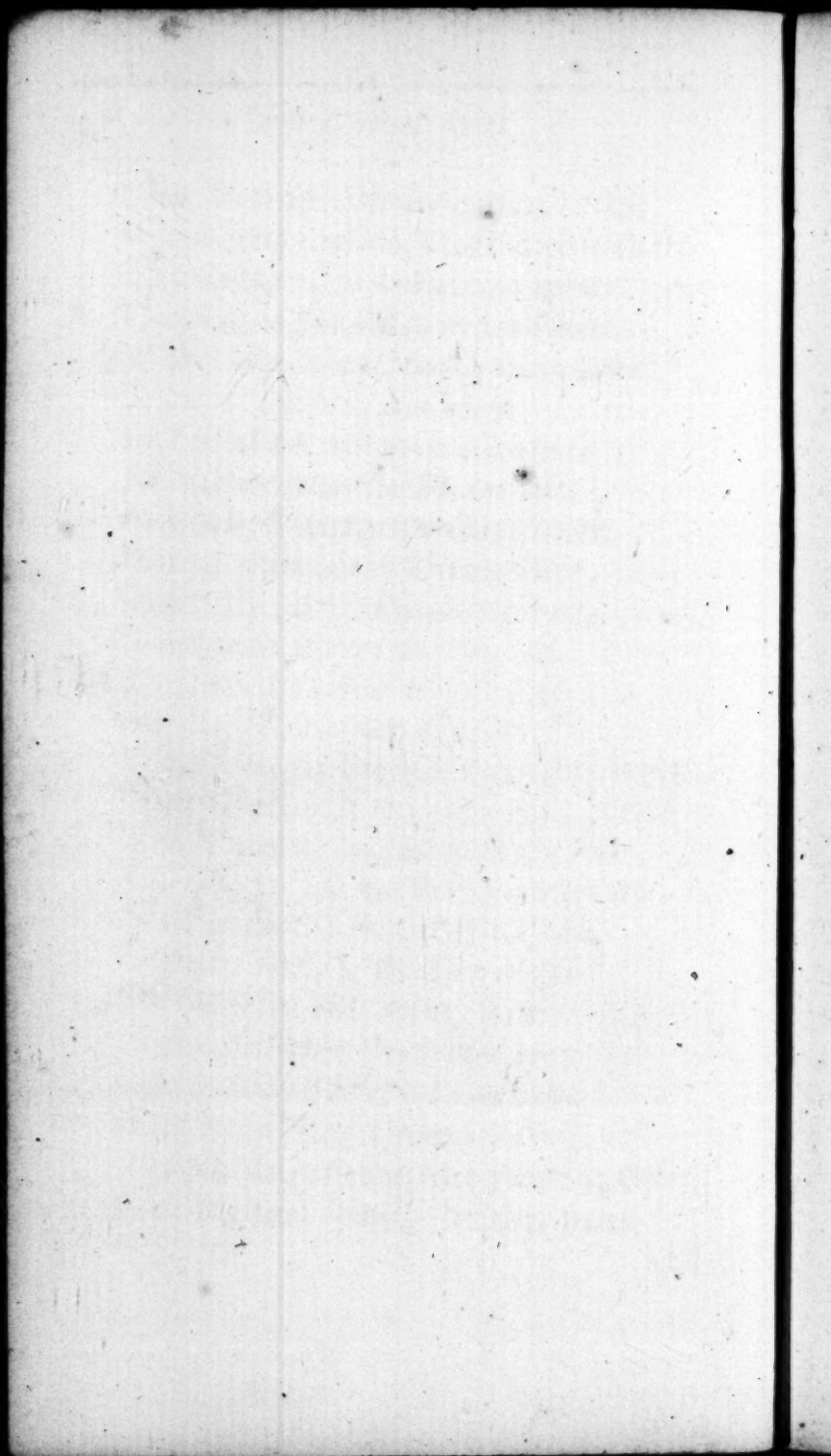
They shine beneath thy curling Locks,
Which seem like Goats in numerous Flocks,
That on Mount *Gilead's* brow appear,
Climbing to find sweet Pasture there.

- 2 Within thy lovely Mouth there grows
A set of Teeth in even rows,
Like Flocks of Sheep of equal size,
Just as they from the Water rise,
And to be shorn from washing come,
Bearing their snowy Fleeces home;
Or like the pretty Twins they bear,
When none of 'em abortive are.

- 3 Thy Lips, that wear a lively Red,
Are like a Scarlet-colour'd Thred:
When with thy sweetest Voice they move,
Their Graces still more charming prove.
Thy Temples, shaded with thy Hair,
And Cheeks, like cut Pomegranates are;
As those abound with purple Veins,
In these a blushing Tincture reigns.

- 4 Such Majesty and Beauty shine
In that illustrious Neck of thine;
Like *David's* Tower it seems to be,
Built for a Royal Armory:
Thy Necklace, strung with glittering Gems,
Like thousand shining Bucklers seems,

All



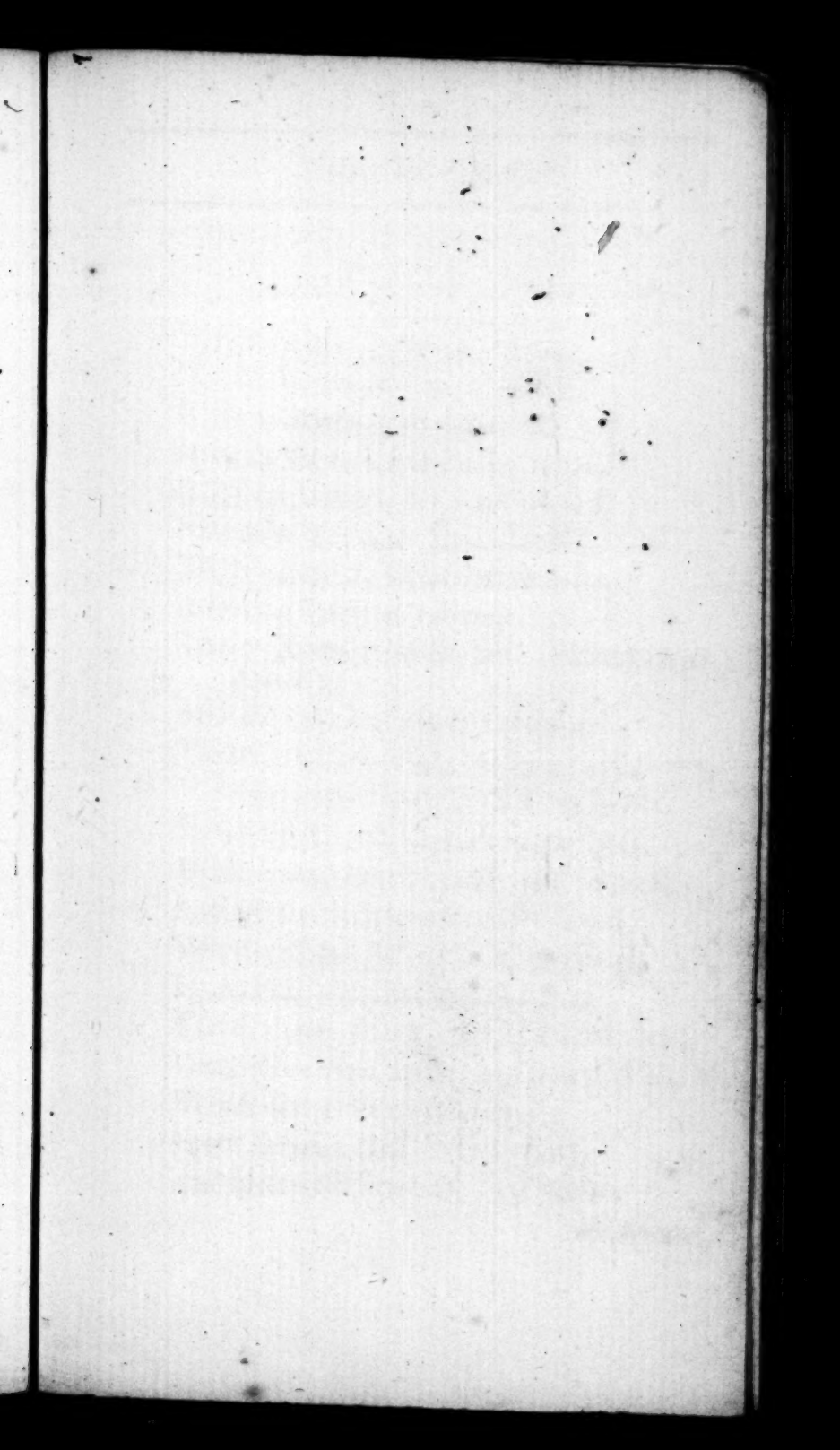
- All Shields by mighty Captains born,
Which that bright Tower around adorn.
5 Thy Breasts, which equal Beauties share,
Are like two Fawns, an equal pair;
The lovely Twins o'th' fruitful Roe,
Feeding where Snow-white Lillies grow.
6 Until the welcome dawn of Day,
When gloomy Shadows fly away,
To th' Mount of Myrrh I'll get me hence,
And to the Hill of Frankincense.

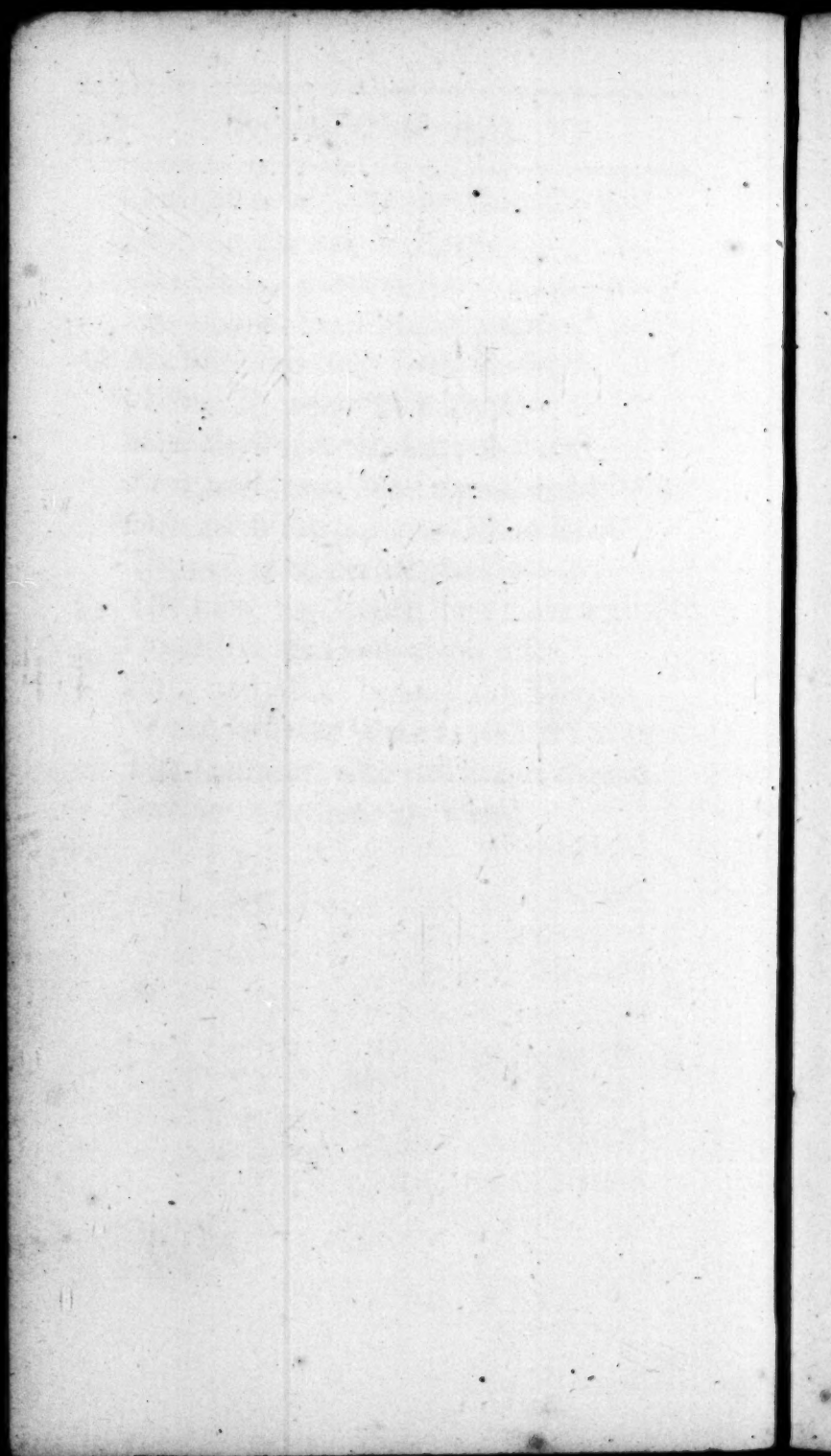
P A R T II.

- 7 All Beauties reign, my Love, in thee :
From every blemish thou art free.
8 From *Leb'non* come with me, my Bride ;
From *Leb'non* come with me, thy Guide.
From high *Amana* take thy view,
From *Shenir's* top, and *Hermon's* too ;
From Dens where Lions do reside,
From Hills where savage Leopards hide.
9 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
(To me by many Ties ally'd)
My Heart is ravish'd with thy Charms ;
My Heart is conquer'd by thy Arms.

- One glance of Love shot from thy Eye
Has won the easy Victory :
One Chain, wherewith thy Neck's array'd,
Has me a willing Captive made.
- 10 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
(To me by many Ties ally'd)
How pleasant is this Love of thine !
How much more sweet than generous Wine !
How much thy precious Oils in smell
The best of Spices all excel !
- 11 Thy Lips, my Spouse, that move with skill,
Drops like the Hony-comb distil.
Hony and Milk's beneath thy Tongue,
Which feeds the Weak as well as Strong.
Thy Garments with rich Scents abound,
Such as in *Lebanon* are found.

PART





PART III.

- 12 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
(To me by many Ties ally'd)
Is like a Garden round inclos'd,
Not, as the common Field, expos'd:
A Spring shut up, a Fountain seal'd,
And ne'er to vulgar Eyes reveal'd.
- 13 Thy Plants, all set in decent rows,
A fruitful Paradise compose:
There Trees, with fair Pomegranates
crown'd,
And all delicious Fruits abound:
There Camphire drops, and Spikenard grows,
- 14 With Spikenard fragrant Saffron blows:
Sweet Cane, and Cinnamon are there,
With Aloes, Frankincense, and Myrrh:
And all choice Spices there are found,
Which fill the Air with Odors round.
- 15 From Thee the Gardens all derive
The Streams, that keep their Plants alive;
From Thee their Spring and sacred Well,
Whose living Waters all excel:
From *Lebanon* these Waters flow,
And bless with Fruit the Vale below.

16 Awake,

16 Awake, O North-wind, and at last
 Give thou, O South, a warmer Blast;
 Upon my Garden kindly blow,
 That all sweet Spices there may flow.

The Bride.

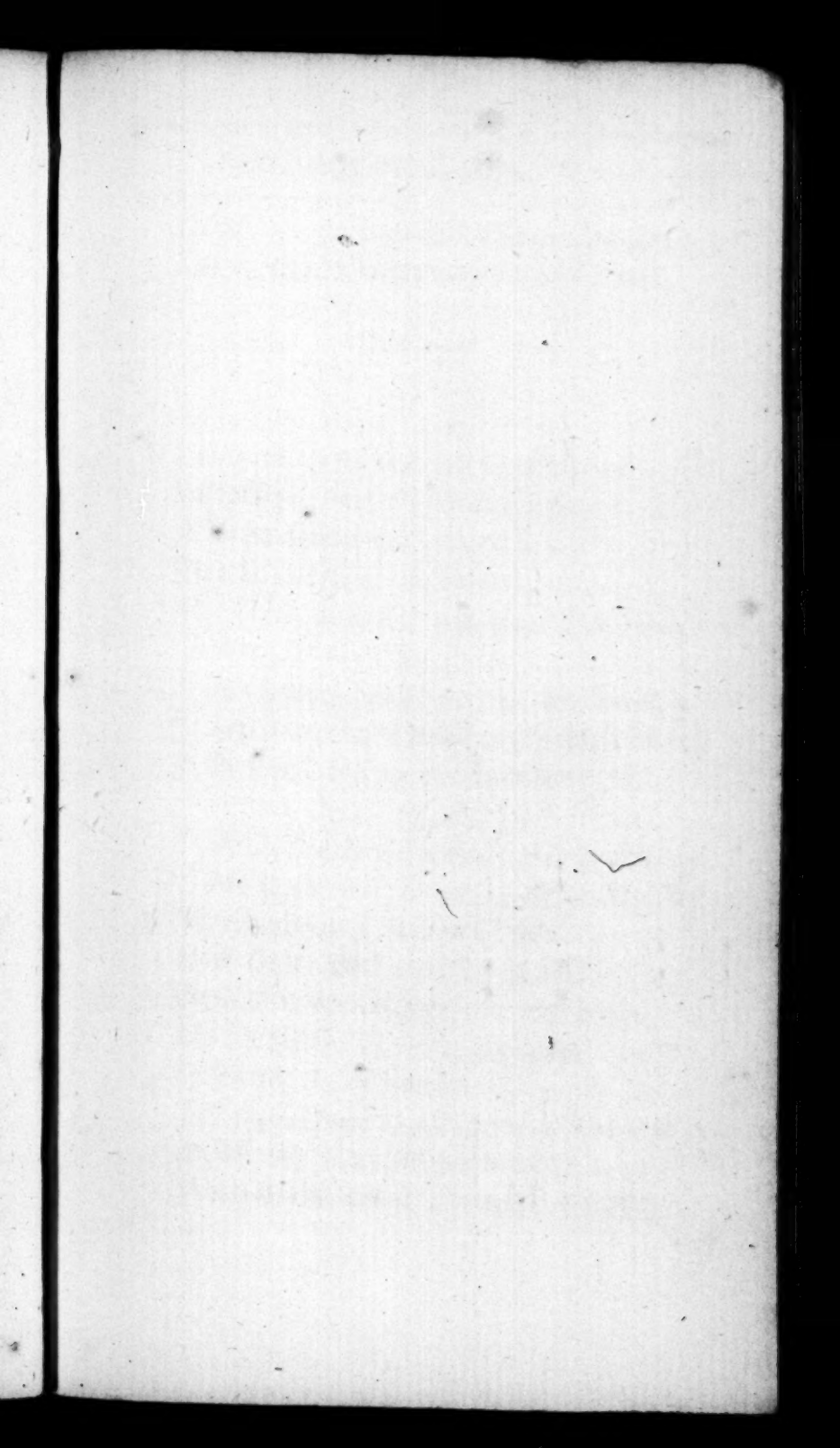
To's Garden let my Love repair,
 Pluck his rare Fruits, and eat 'em there.

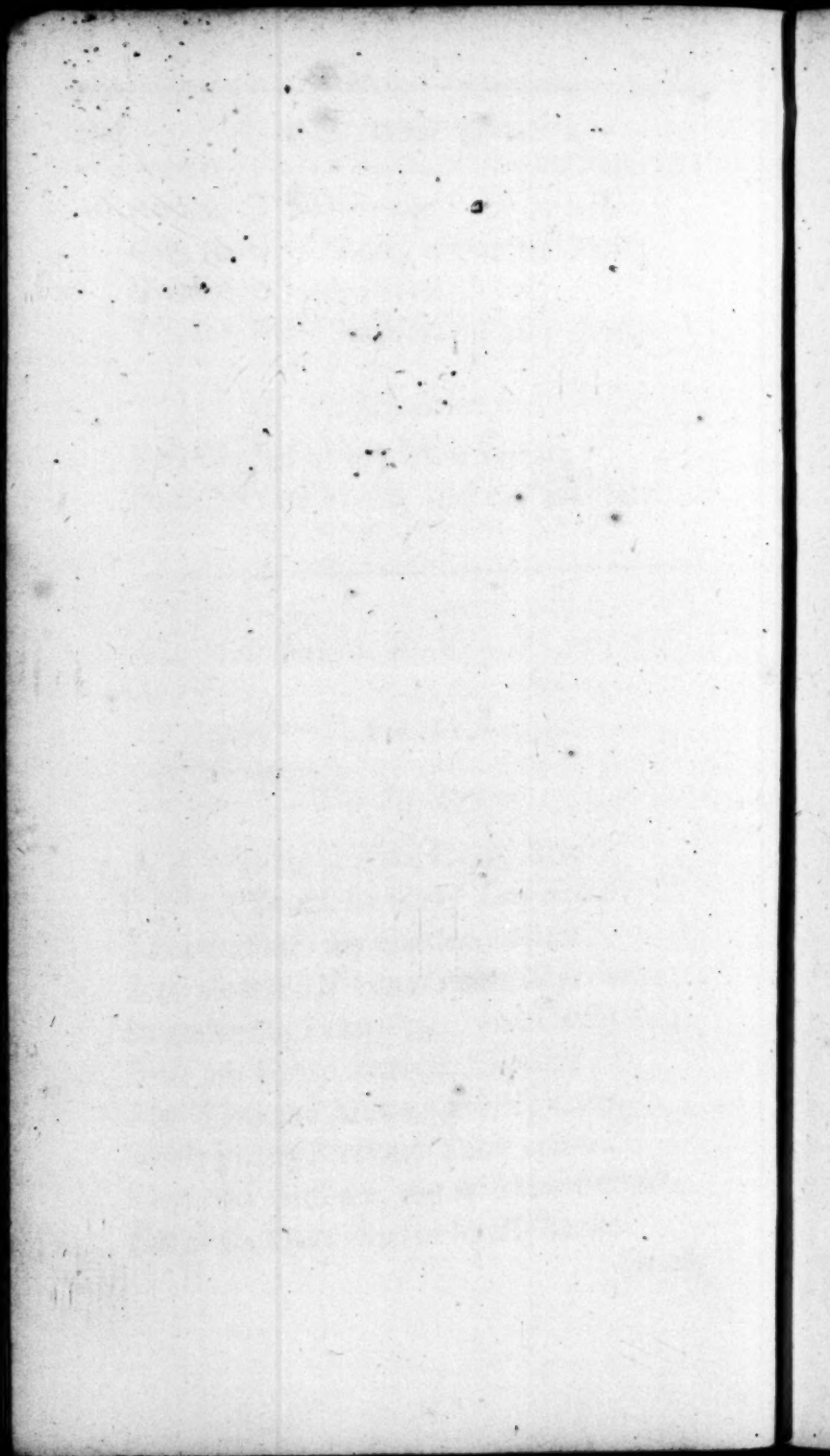
C H A P. V.

P A R T I.

The Bridegroom.

I **M**Y Sister and my lovely Bride,
 (To me by many Ties ally'd)
 I'm come into my Garden, where
 I please my self in gathering Myrrh,
 In gathering every Spice, and Gum:
 I eat my Hony from the Comb;
 My Wine and Milk go sweetly down,
 With plenty these my Table crown.
 Come eat with me, my welcome Friends,
 Eat of the Gifts Heaven kindly sends;
 Drink,





Drink, as our Joys and Wines abound ;
Drink, dear Companions, freely round.

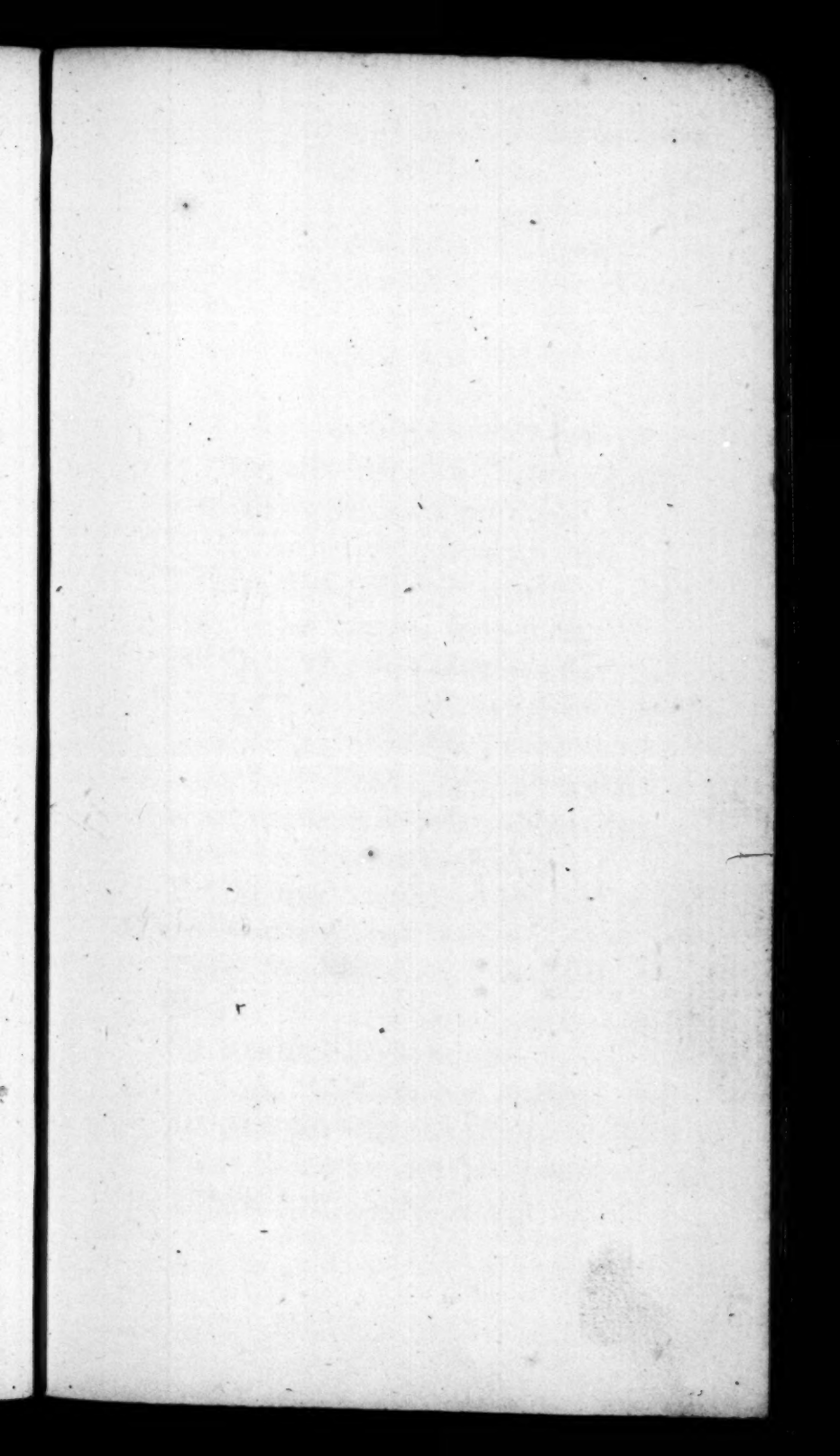
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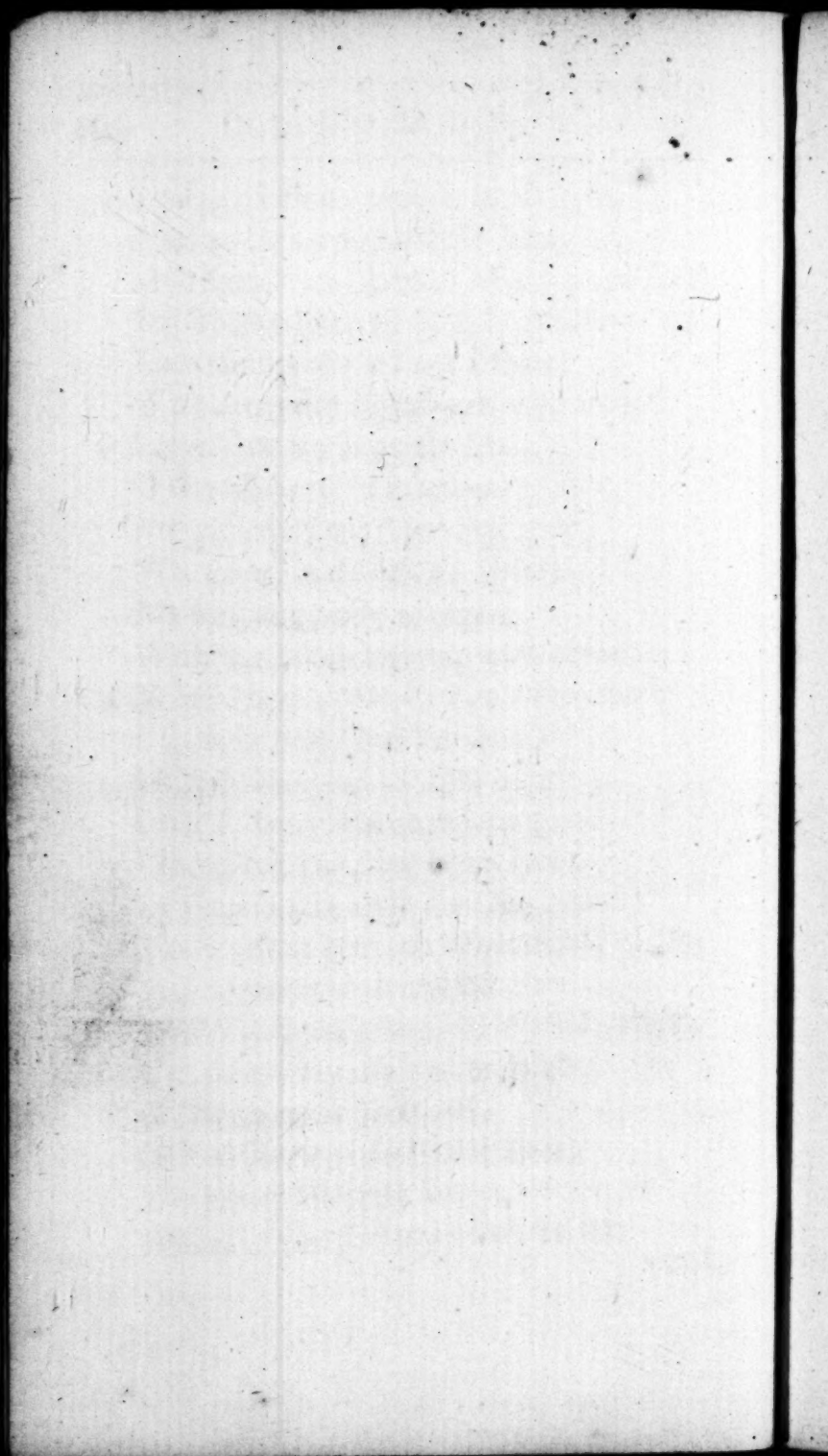
The Bride.

- 2 I laid me down my rest to take ;
I slept, yet was my Heart awake :
A Voice salutes my waking Ear,
One knocking at the Door I hear.
My Love, it seems, was pleas'd to wait,
Calling and knocking at the Gate :
“ My Sister, loud he cry'd, my Love,
“ My Fair, my Chast, my spotless Dove ;
“ Be kind, as I to you have bin,
“ Unlock the Door, and let me in :
“ With trickling Dew my Head is fill'd,
“ My Locks with Drops by night distill'd.
- 3 My Garments I have laid aside,
How shall I dress me? I reply'd :
I've lately wash'd my Feet, and how,
My Dear, shall I defile 'em now?
- 4 Unkindly thus I let him stand,
Till through the Door he thrust his Hand ;
At last my Heart began to move
With all the tender Thoughts of Love.

- 5 I rose, Ah that I rose so late!
I had no sooner touch'd the Gate,
My Hands with Drops of Myrrh were fill'd,
My Fingers sweetest Myrrh distill'd;
The Handles of the Lock I found
With dropping Myrrh perfum'd around.
- 6 I open'd to my Love the Door,
O that I had open'd it before!
For now alas! my Love was gone,
Was gone! and I left all alone!
My Soul was ready to expire
With fear, with sorrow, with desire:
When his kind Words I call'd to mind,
I thought how I had been unkind!
I fought him, but I fought in vain;
I call'd, but could no answer gain.
- 7 I found not him, but I was found
By Guards that walk the City round;
These treated me with Wounds and Blows,
And aggravated all my Woes:
The Watch that guard the Walls by night,
E'en took away my Veil in spight.
- 8 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
You I most solemnly adjure,
Whene'er you find my Love, be sure

With





With my Complaints his Pity move,
And tell him I am sick of Love.

P A R T . III.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 9 O Thou, who hast more Charms ingroft,
Than all our Sex beside can boast !
What Charms in thy Beloved dwell,
To make him other Loves excel ?
Describe his Beauties, let us know,
Fair One, why thou adjur'st us so.

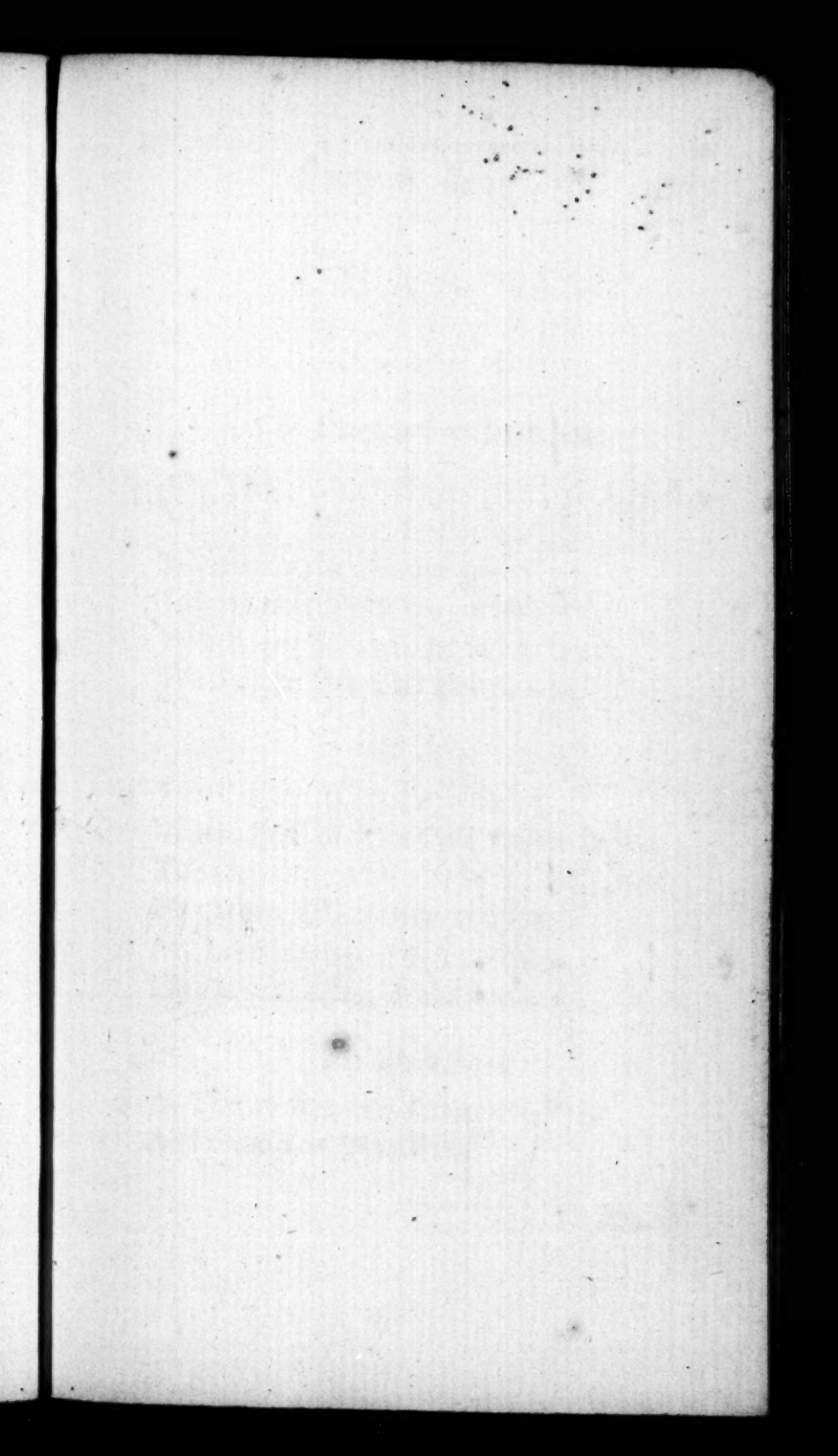
The Bride.

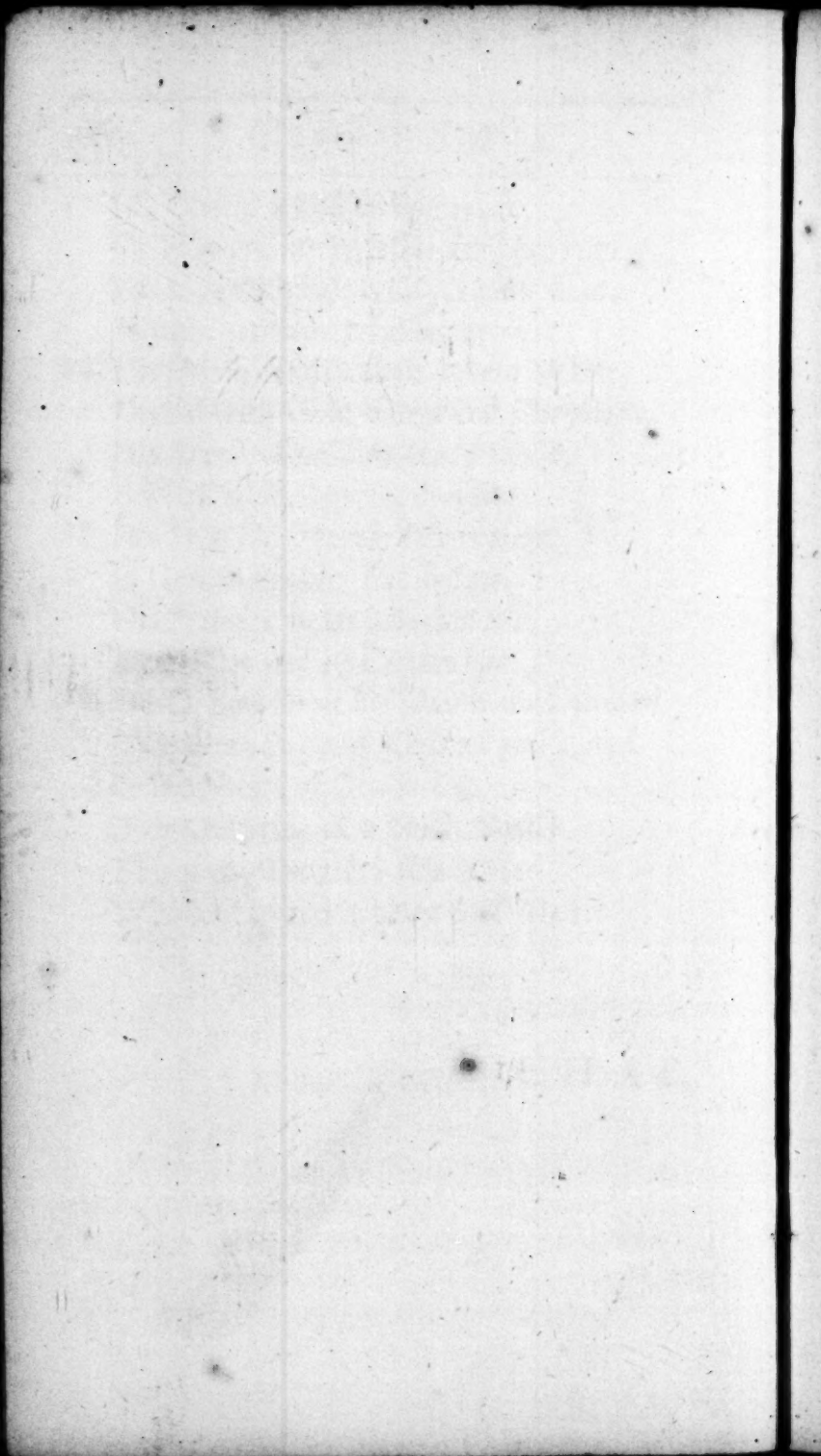
- 10 In my Love's Cheeks, pure White and Red
In just degrees their mixture spread :
Under his Standard marshal'd are
Ten thousand Youths, but none so fair.
11 His Head with finest Gold is crown'd,
The Gold of Fez so much renown'd :
His Hair in decent Curls appears,
Black as the Plumes the Raven wears.
12 His Eyes, that flame with spotless Loves,
Are pure and bright like those of Doves,
When in clear Streams their Heads they wet ;
They're wash'd in Milk, and fitly set.

13 His

- 13 His Cheeks a Bed of Spices are,
Or Flowers, as sweet as they are fair.
His Lips with balmy Myrrh do flow;
Within 'em snowy Lillies grow.
- 14 His Hands display their lovely White,
Deck'd with Gold Rings and Chrysolite.
His Breast of polish'd Ivory made,
And all with Saphires overlaid.
- 15 His Legs like Marble Pillars show,
In Golden Sockets fixt below.
His Presence bears a Noble Air,
As *Leb'non* and its Cedars fair.
- 16 But O how sweet his Mouth doth prove!
He's all made up of Charms and Love!
O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
This is my Dearest! this is He
Who loves, and is belov'd of Me!

C H A P.





C H A P. VI.

P A R T I.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 1 O Thou, who hast more Charms ingroft,
Than all our Sex beside can boast !
Whither is thy Beloved gone ?
Tell whither is thy Love withdrawn ?
Which way he turn'd let us but know,
We'll all to seek Him with thee go.

The Bride.

- 2 To's Garden he's gone to retire,
Where Beds of Spice their Sweets expire.
To's Gardens, where he feeds, and where,
He gathers Lillies sweet and fair.
3 My Love is mine, and I am his;
His Pasture 'mong the Lillies is.

The Bridegroom.

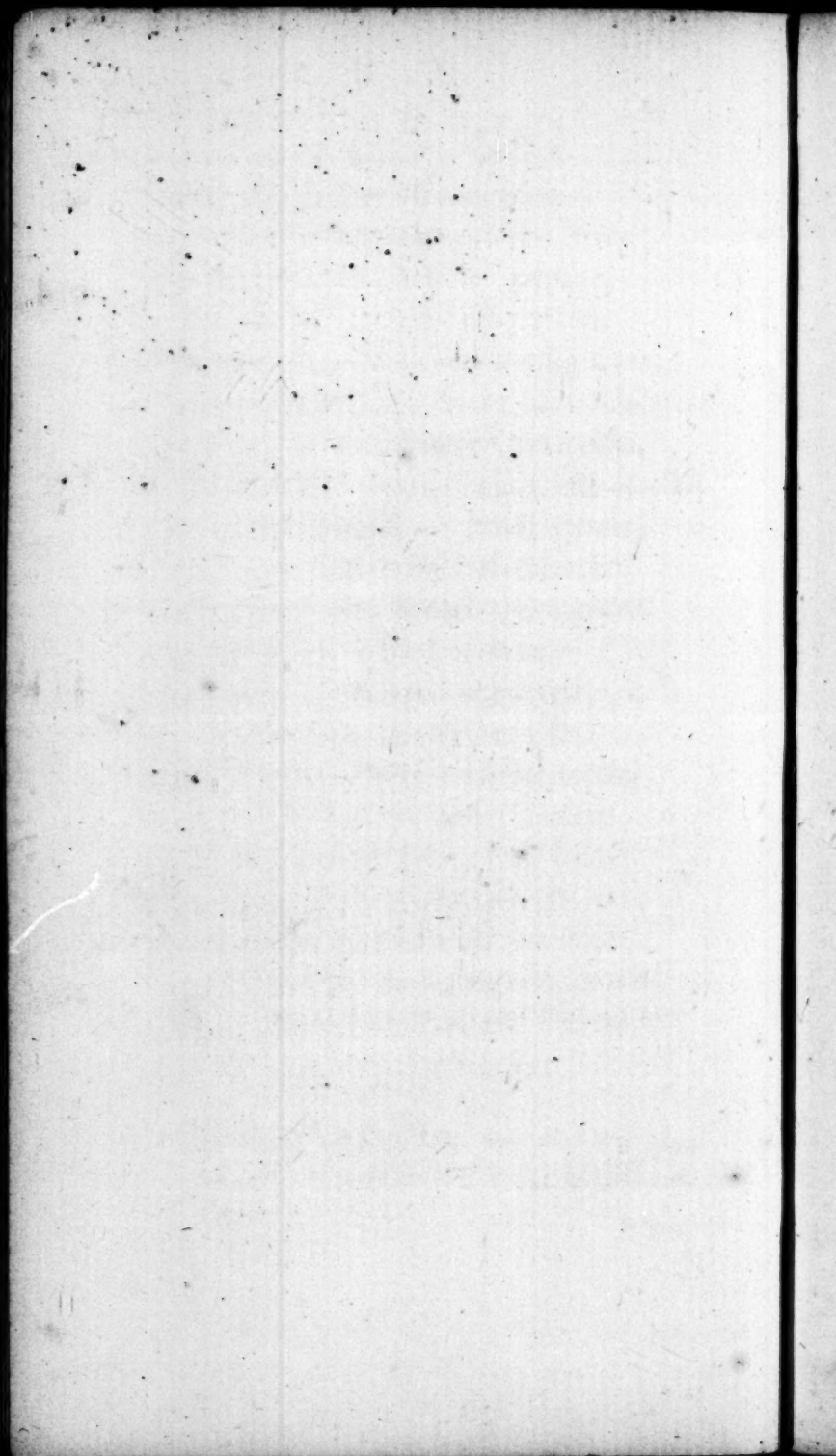
- 4 As Tirzah fair, my Love, you seem,
And comely as Jerusalem.

Among

- Among thy milder Graces now
An awful Dread reigns on thy Brow ;
Like Armies that for War prepare,
And to the Field their Ensigns bear.
- 5 O turn from me those conquering Eyes,
Whose powerful Charms my Heart surprize!
Thy Hair, all curl'd in curious Locks,
Seems like those Goats in numerous Flocks,
That on Mount *Gilead's* Brow appear,
Climbing to find sweet Pasture there.
- 6 Within thy lovely Mouth there grows
A set of Teeth in even Rows;
Like Flocks of Sheep of equal size,
Just as they from the Water rise,
And to be shorn from washing come,
Bearing their snowy Fleeces home;
Or like the pretty Twins they bear,
When none of them abortive are.
- 7 Thy Temples shaded with thy Hair,
And Cheeks like cut Pomegranates are;
As those abound with Purple Veins,
In these a blushing Tincture reigns.

7

5



P A R T II.

8 Not all the Train of Threescore Queens,
And Four score beauteous Concubines,
Imnumerable Virgins too,
May e'er compare, my Love, with You.

9 My only Dove, my spotless One
Transcends 'em all her Self alone;
The only One her Mother bare,
Her Mother's tender Joy and Care.
The Virgins saw her, and confest
None with such Beauty e'er was blest:
The Queens and Concubines admir'd,
And in her Praises all conspir'd.

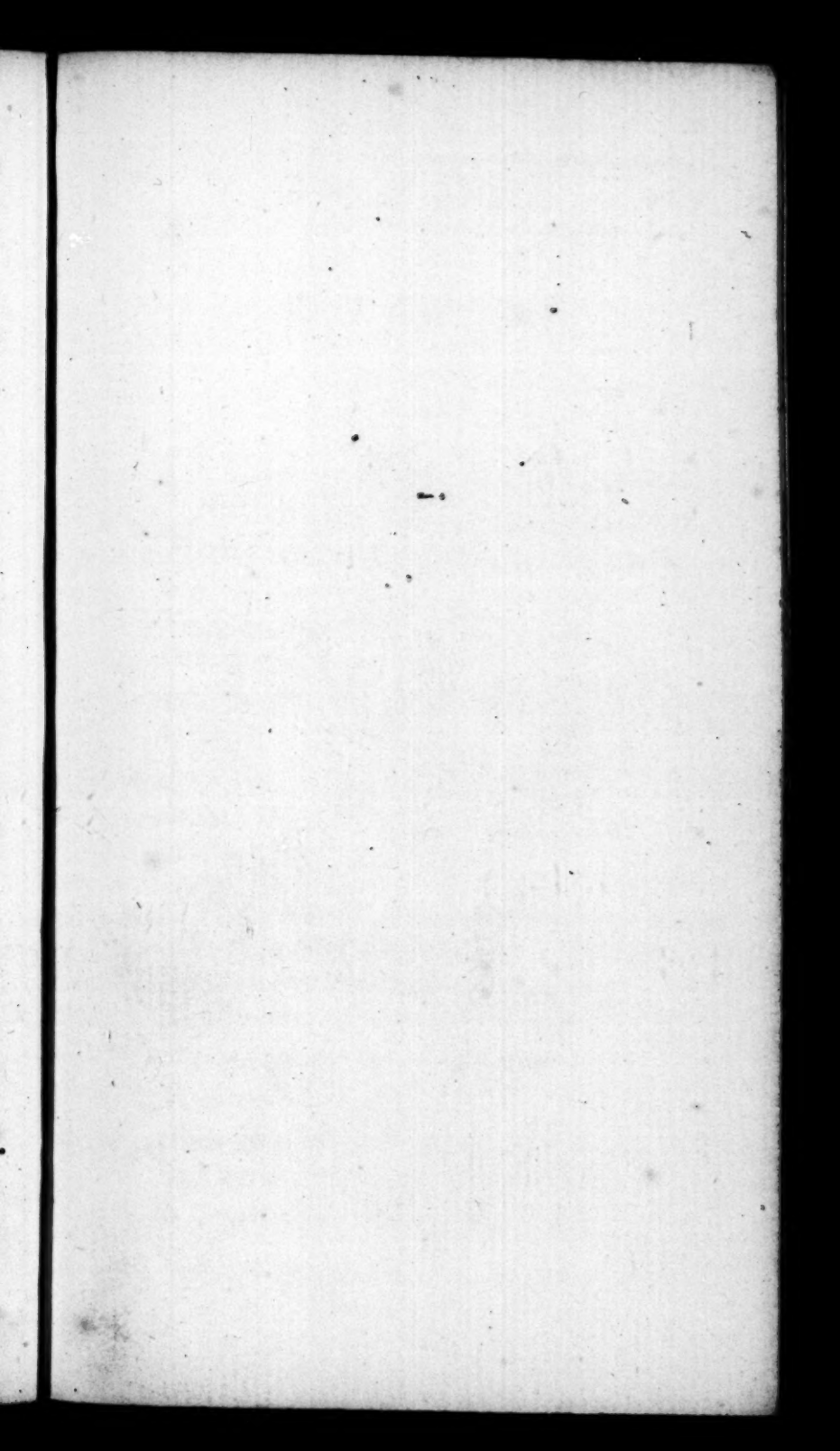
The Daughters of Jerusalem.

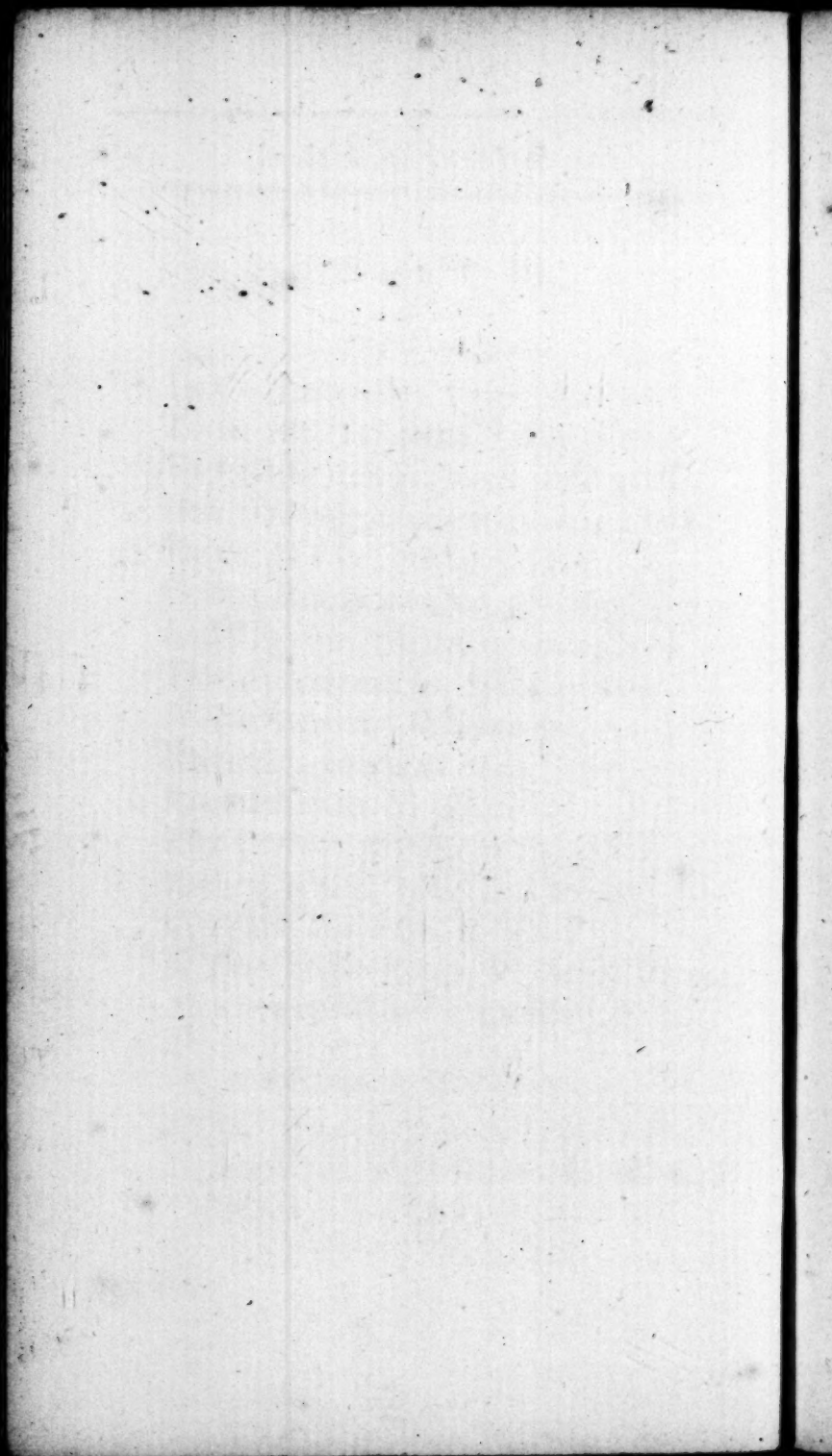
10 Who's this so chearful and so bright,
Gay as the rising Morning Light?
Ne'er did the Moon so fair appear;
Nor is the Sun more bright and clear.
Among her milder Graces now
An awful Dread reigns on her Brow;
Like Armies that for War prepare,
And to the Field their Ensigns bear.

PART III.

The Bridegroom.

- 11 To the Nut-garden I went down,
 To see what Fruits the Valley crown;
 To see how well the Vines were grown,
 How the Pomegranate-trees were blown.
- 12 Surpriz'd I know not how, I find
 Fervent Desires transport my Mind;
 And Raptures wing my wondring Soul,
 That nothing can my Speed controul:
 So Volunteers in Chariots fly,
 Resolv'd to overcome or dy.
 Return, return, O *Shulamite*,
 Thy Presence will rejoice our sight:
- 13 Return, return, what shall we see,
 O Fairest *Shulamite*, in Thee?
 In Thee bright Pomp and Terror shine,
 As when two shouting Armies join:





C H A P. VII.

P A R T I.

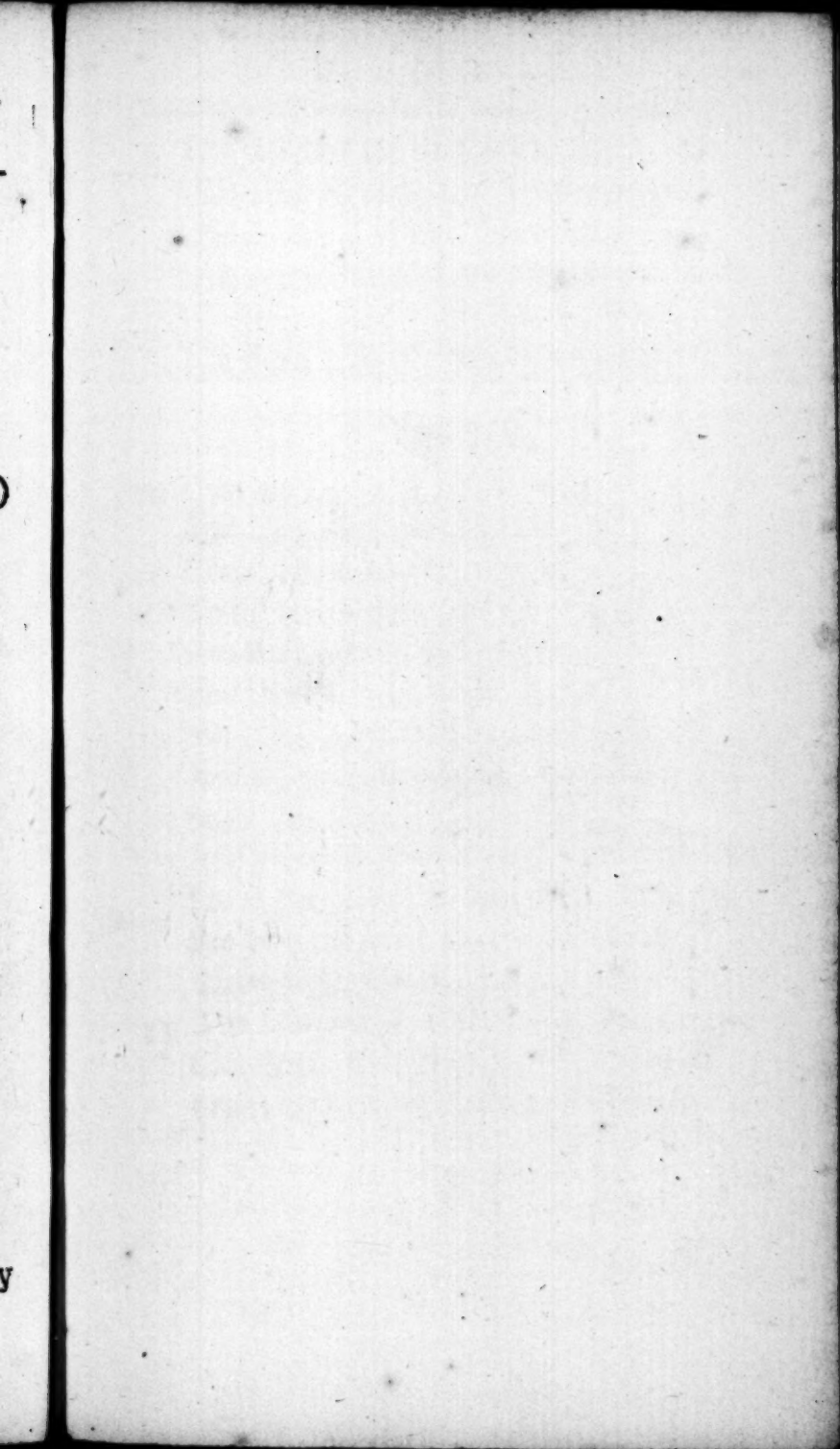
- 1 **I**N Thee, O Prince's Daughter, meet
 Numberless Charms from Head to Feet!
 Those Feet become the Shoes they wear,
 Become the lovely Weight they bear;
 Two beauteous Pillars they sustain,
 Whose Joints the finest Work contain;
 Like precious Gems, more precious still
 When cut and set with wondrous Skill.
- 2 Thy Navel's like a Goblet round,
 Which does with vital Juice abound:
 Thy Belly promises a Race,
 Heirs to thy Honour, and thy Grace.
 'Tis like a heap of Wheat, when crown'd
 With snowy Lillies all around.
- 3 Thy Breasts, which equal Beauties share,
 Are like two Fawns an equal pair,
 The lovely Twins o' th' fruitful Roe.
- 4 Above these Hills of driven Snow
 Stands that fair Neck, which seems to be
 A Tower of polish'd Ivory.

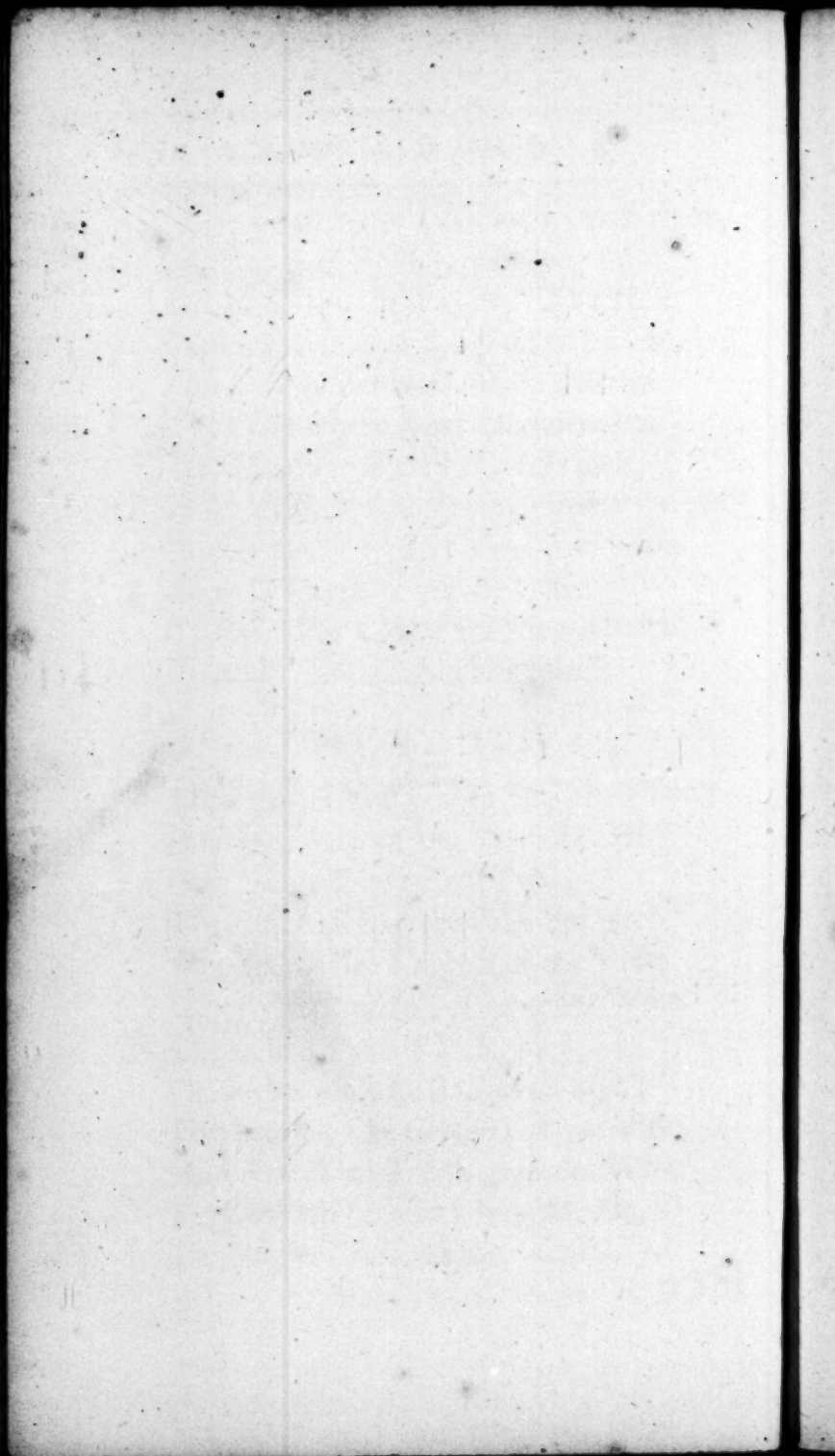
Those Eyes, those sparkling Eyes of thine,
 Like the clear Pools in *Heshbon*, shine
 Just by *Bath-rabbim*-Gate. Thy Nose
 Methinks like some fair Turret shows,
 Like that of *Leb'non*, which descries
 The Plain where great *Damascus* lies.

- 5 Thy Head's with many Graces blest,
 (Thy Head, whose Beauty crowns the rest)
 It looks like *Carmel's* Fields, and bears
 A lovely Fleece of purple Hairs.
 By these dear Chains the King is bound,
 When in the Galleries he's found.

P A R T II.

- 6 Thou Lov'd, and Lovely One, how fair,
 How charming all thy Features are!
 How they inspire refin'd Delight !
 7 Thy Stature's like the Palm upright ;
 Thy Breasts like Clusters of the Vine,
 When ripe, and full of generous Wine.
 8 The stately Palm I'll climb, said I,
 I'll reach its fruitful Boughs on high ;
 Thy Breasts, like Clusters of the Vine,
 Shall now abound with generous Wine.
 Thy Nostrils breathe a fragrant Air,
 Like Apples sweet, as they are fair.





- 9 Thy Mouth, the Seat of Eloquence,
Shews the right Gust of Truth and Sense;
Like sparkling Wine, that briskly moves,
Such as my dearest Love approves;
Which can inspire the Dull, and rouze
The silent Lips of them that drouze.

The Bride.

- 10 I am my Love's, I am his own;
And his Desire's to me alone.
11 Come, my Beloved, let's repair
To th' open Fields, and take the Air;
Into the Country we'll retreat,
And there a quiet Lodging get:
12 We'll rise up with the dawning Day,
And through the smiling Vineyards stray;
See if the Vine begins to shoot,
And promises good store of Fruit;
See if her tender Grapes she shows;
See how the fair Pomegranate blows.
There will I give my Loves to thee.
13 The Mandrakes breathe their Fragrancy;
Our Gates with choicest Fruits abound,
Fruits new and old with us are found;

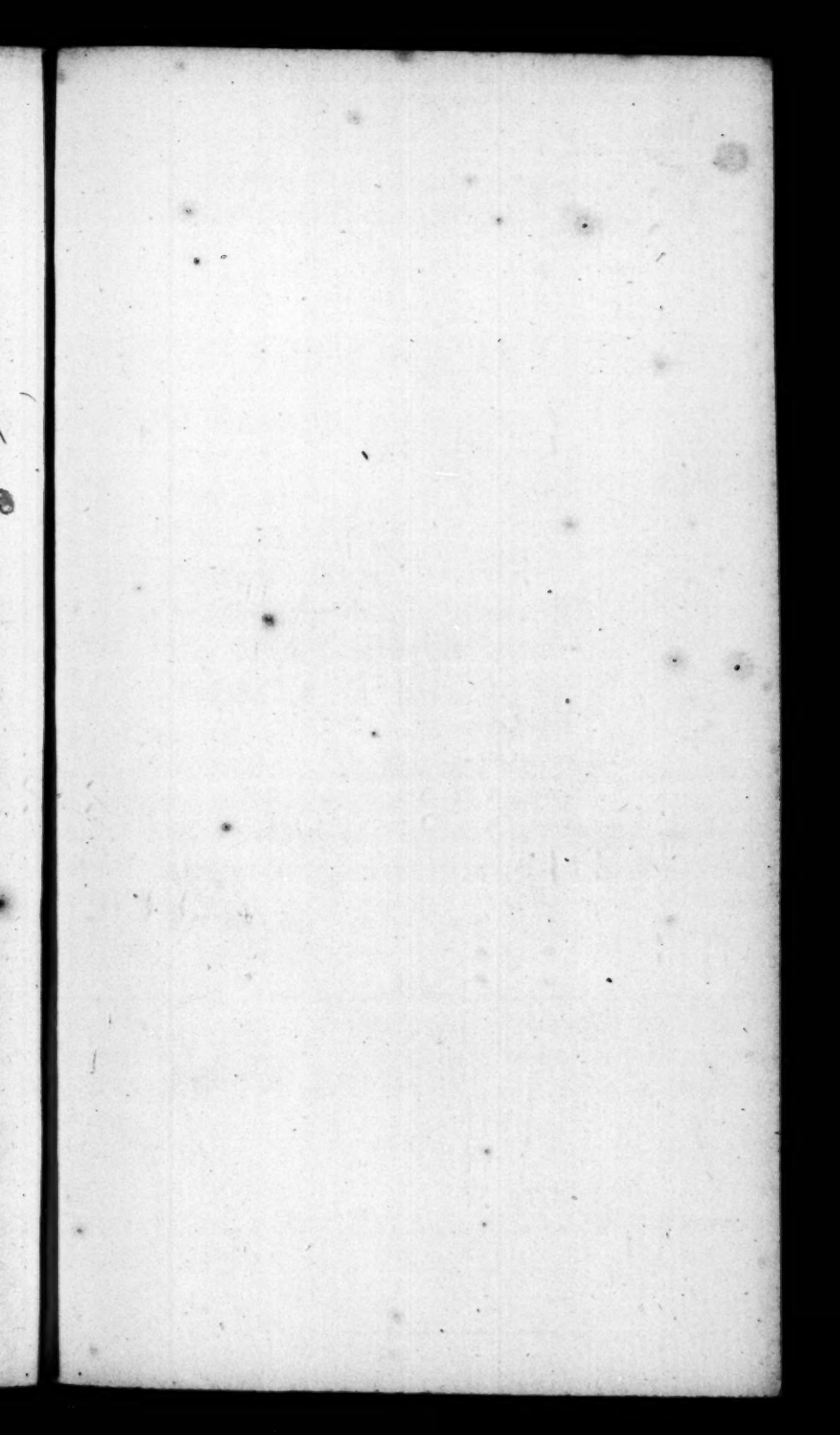
This Store, my Love, I did provide
For Thee, who hast my Heart beside.

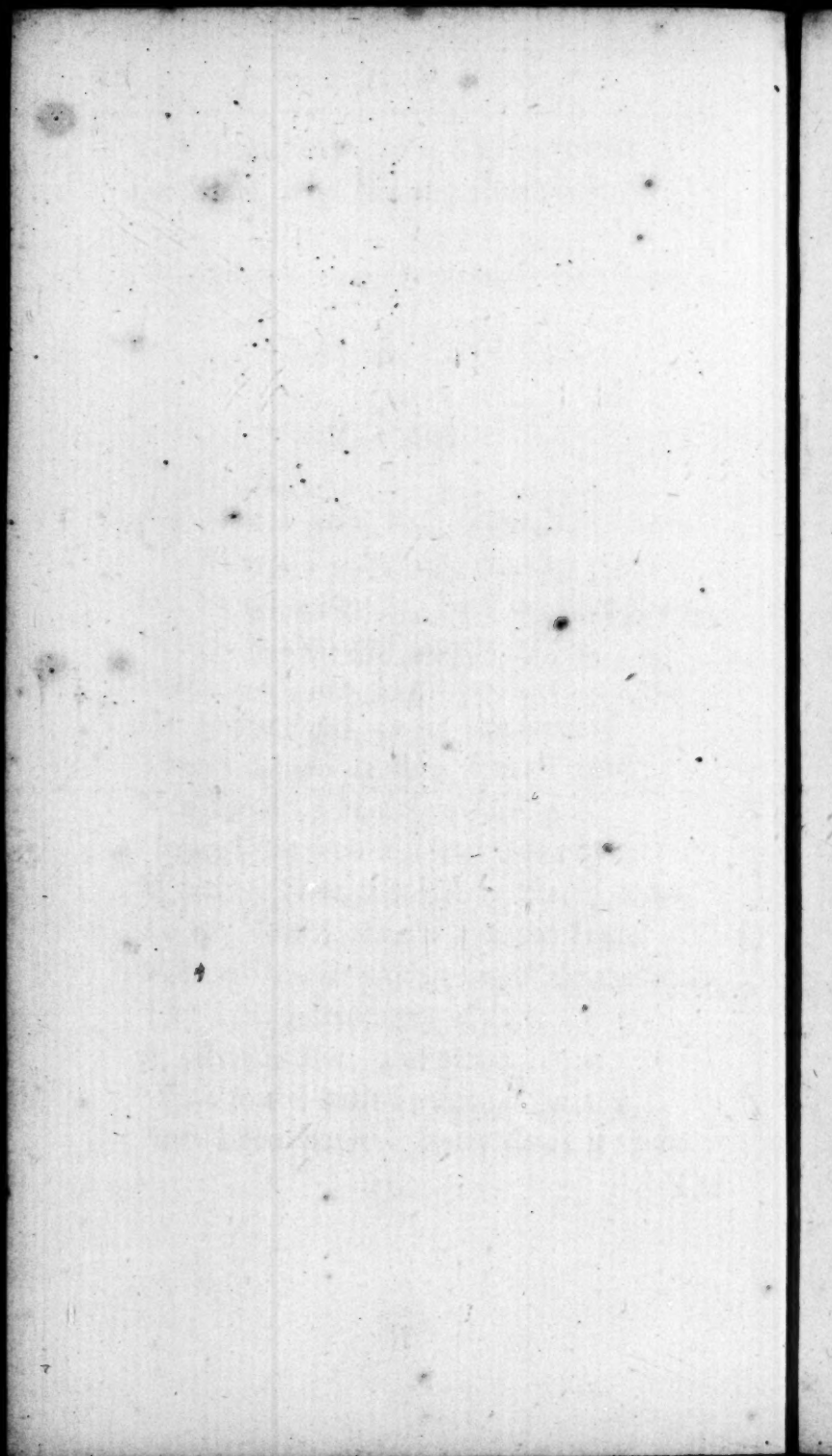
C H A P. VIII.

P A R T I.

- 1 **O** How I wish, that Thou, my Love,
Wouldst to me as a Brother prove!
Fed by those Breasts, born on that Knee,
Which suckled and supported me.
With how much Joy I should thee meet,
Or in the Field, or in the Street!
There I'd embrace thee, there I'd kiss;
Nor should I be despis'd for this.
- 2 How gladly would I lead Thee home!
Whither Thou wouldst as gladly come,
To my dear Mother's pleasant Seat,
Where Thou shouldst many Welcomes meet.
Thy kind Instructions all should find
A listening Ear, and pliant Mind:
Wine mix'd with Spices I'd prepare,
And Thou shouldst freely drink it there.

The





- The Fruit of my Pomegranate-tree
Should yield its grateful Juice to Thee.
3 His Left Hand should my Head uphold,
His Right Arm should me round enfold.

The Bridegroom.

- 4 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
Since here my Love now rests secure,
You I most solemnly adjure;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent clamour make;
Nor jog her as she slumbering lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

P A R T II.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 5 Who's this that from the Desert moves,
Leaning upon the Arm she loves?

The Bridegroom.

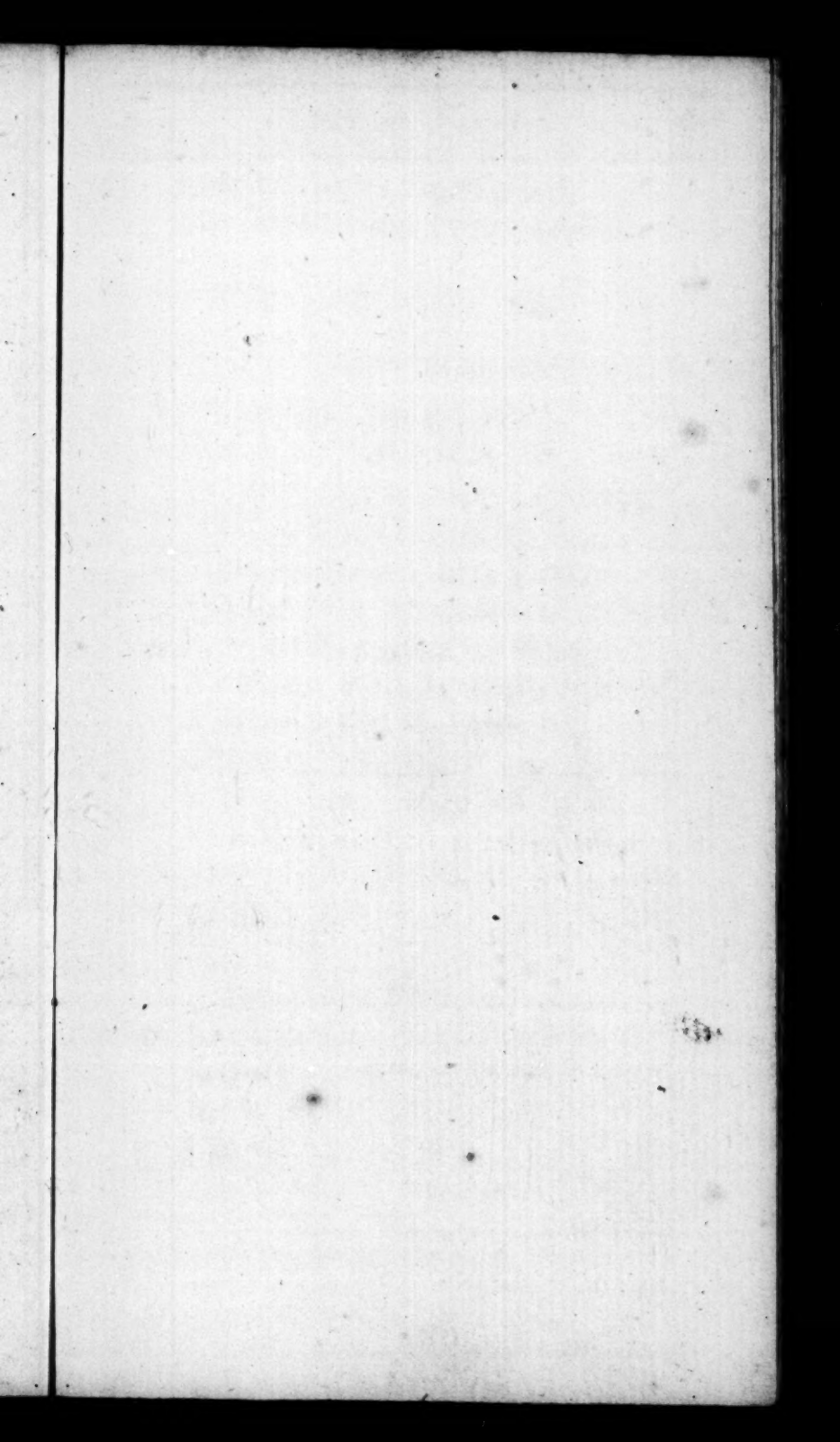
At first, my Love, I rais'd up Thee
Under the fruitful Apple-tree;

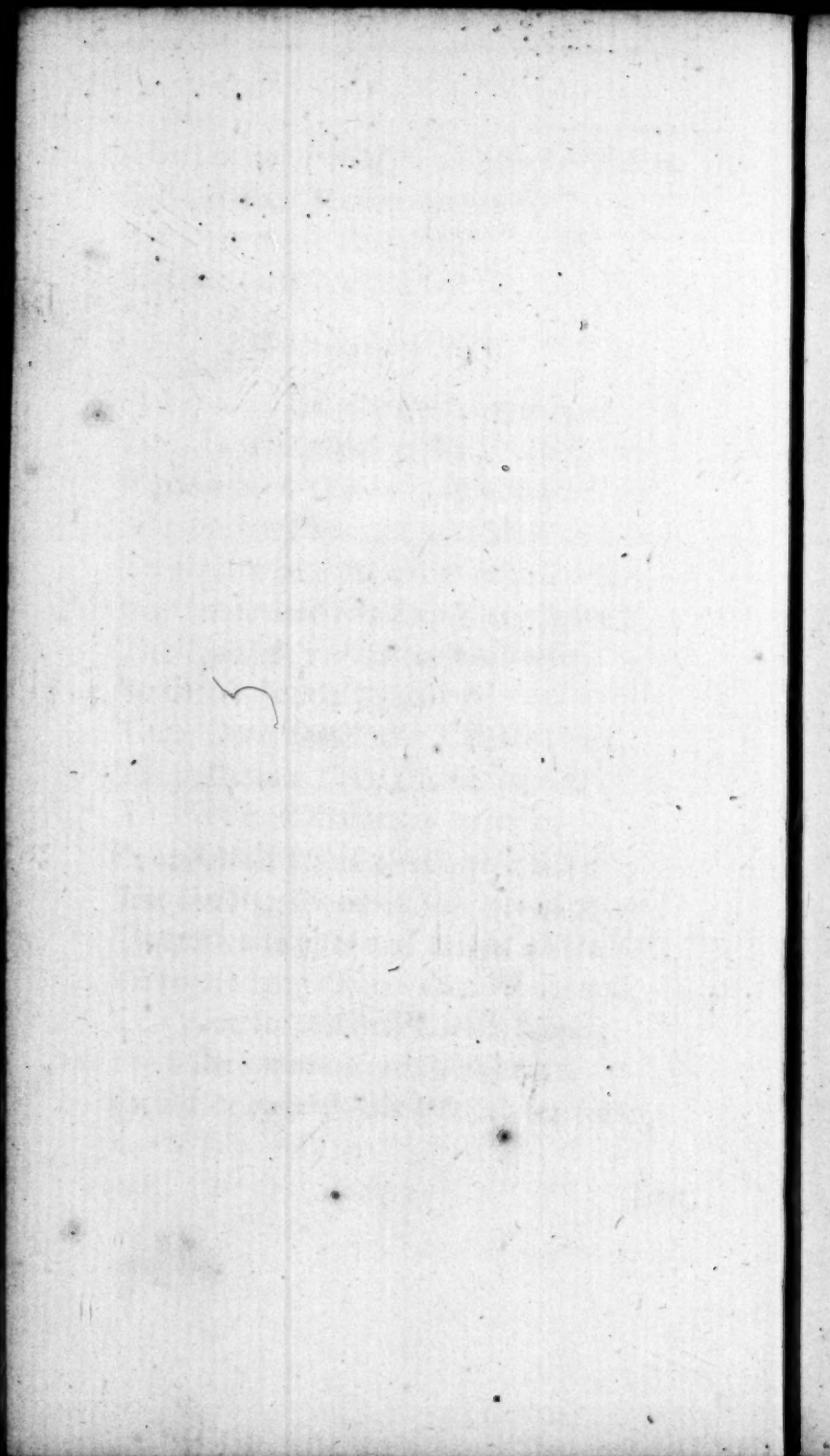
There many a Pang, and many a Throw
 Did thy Fair Mother undergo;
 But after many Pangs and Throws,
 Did her blest Fruit at last disclose,

The Bride.

- 6 O Let my Name be deep imprest,
 Like a fair Signet, on thy Breast!
 Ingrave it on thy Arm, and wear
 The precious Seal for ever there:
 For there's so great a Power in Love,
 Not Death it self so strong can prove;
 The King of Terrors in his Pride
 By fiercer Jealousy's outvy'd:
 Those Darts shine with Celestial Fire,
 Those Darts a Love Divine inspire,
- 7 A Love whose Flame can never be
 Extinguish'd by th' o'erflowing Sea:
 The swelling Floods in vain conspire
 To quench so pure and bright a Fire.
 He whose large Stores do most abound,
 Too poor to purchase Love is found;
 His Offers would successeless prove,
 Should he give all his Wealth for Love;

Love





Love at so high a rate is priz'd,
His Treasures would be all despis'd,

P A R T III.

The Bridegroom.

- 8 A little Sister, fair and young,
Does to our Family belong:
Her Breasts appear not yet, 'tis true;
What shall we for our Sister do,
When she begins to get a Name,
When growing Beauties spread her Fame?
9 If, by the Firmness of her Mind,
She seems a Wall, for Strength design'd;
A Palace on that Wall we'll found,
Glittering with Silver all around:
If like a Gate, built to defend
From Foes, and to admit a Friend;
With Cedar Boards we'll fence her well,
Of lasting Strength and fragrant Smell.

The Bride.

- 10 Such is the Firmness of my Mind,
I am a Wall for Strength design'd;
My Breasts are grown, and now appear
Like two fair Towers built for my Dear.

When

When thus I spake, his Smiles I gain'd,
With them his very Heart obtain'd.

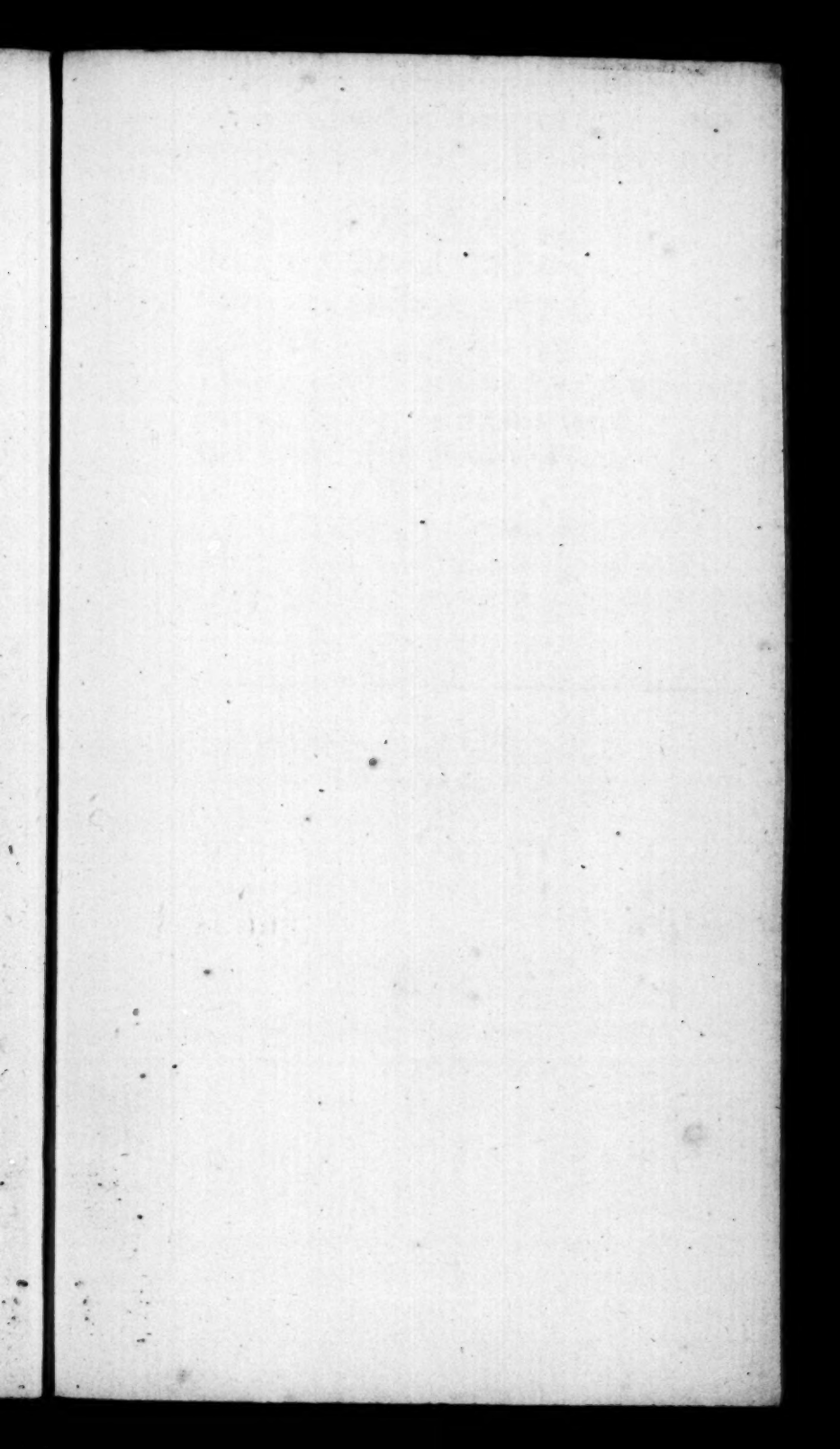
P A R T IV.

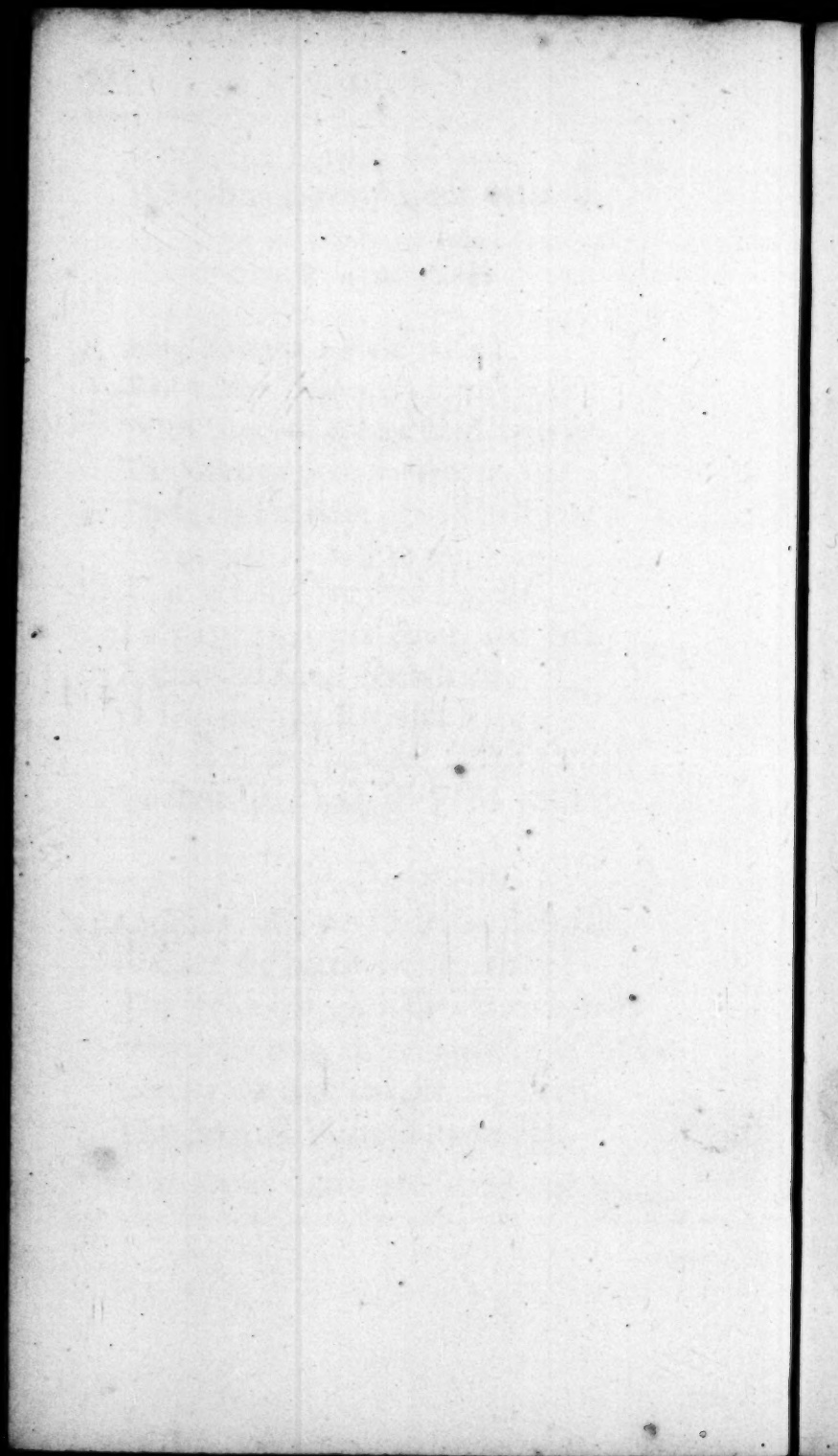
- 11 King *Solomon* a Field posselt,
Baal-hamon Field with Plenty blest :
With Vines of noblest kind 'twas set.
This Vineyard he to Keepers let;
These for the Fruit agreed to bring
A thousand Shekels to the King.
- 12 That fertile Vineyard I posselt,
I always keep, and fence, and dress:
A thousand Silver Shekels are,
O *Solomon*, thy Rightful share ;
And those two hundred which remain,
To them that keep the Fruit pertain.

The Bridegroom.

- 13 O Thou who dweltst in Gardens fair,
And art the fairest Flower there !
Thy Voice our glad Companions hear,
Which melts the Heart, and charms the Ear.
Give me the same delight, my Dear;
Thy sweetest Voice O let me hear.

The





The Bride.

- 14 Haste, my Beloved, haste away,
Nor let me vainly beg and pray :
Flee like a Roe or nimble Fawn,
That runs and skips along the Lawn ;
Such as the spicy Mountains breed,
Such as the spicy Mountains feed.

A Song of Love.

PART I.

Psalm

Psalm XLV.

To the chief Musician upon Shophannim, for the Sons of Korah, Maschil.

A Song of Loves.

PART I.

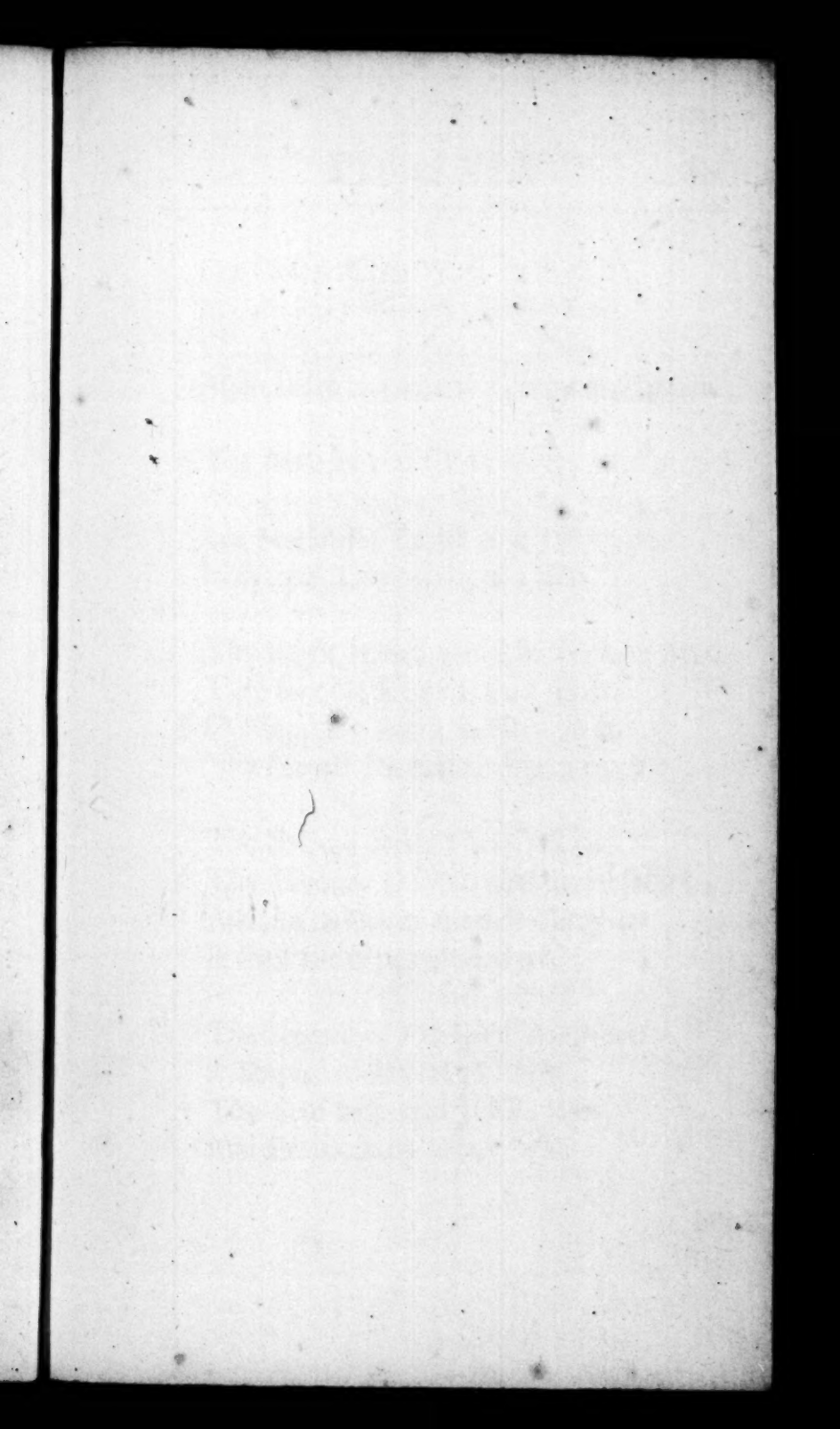
Verse]

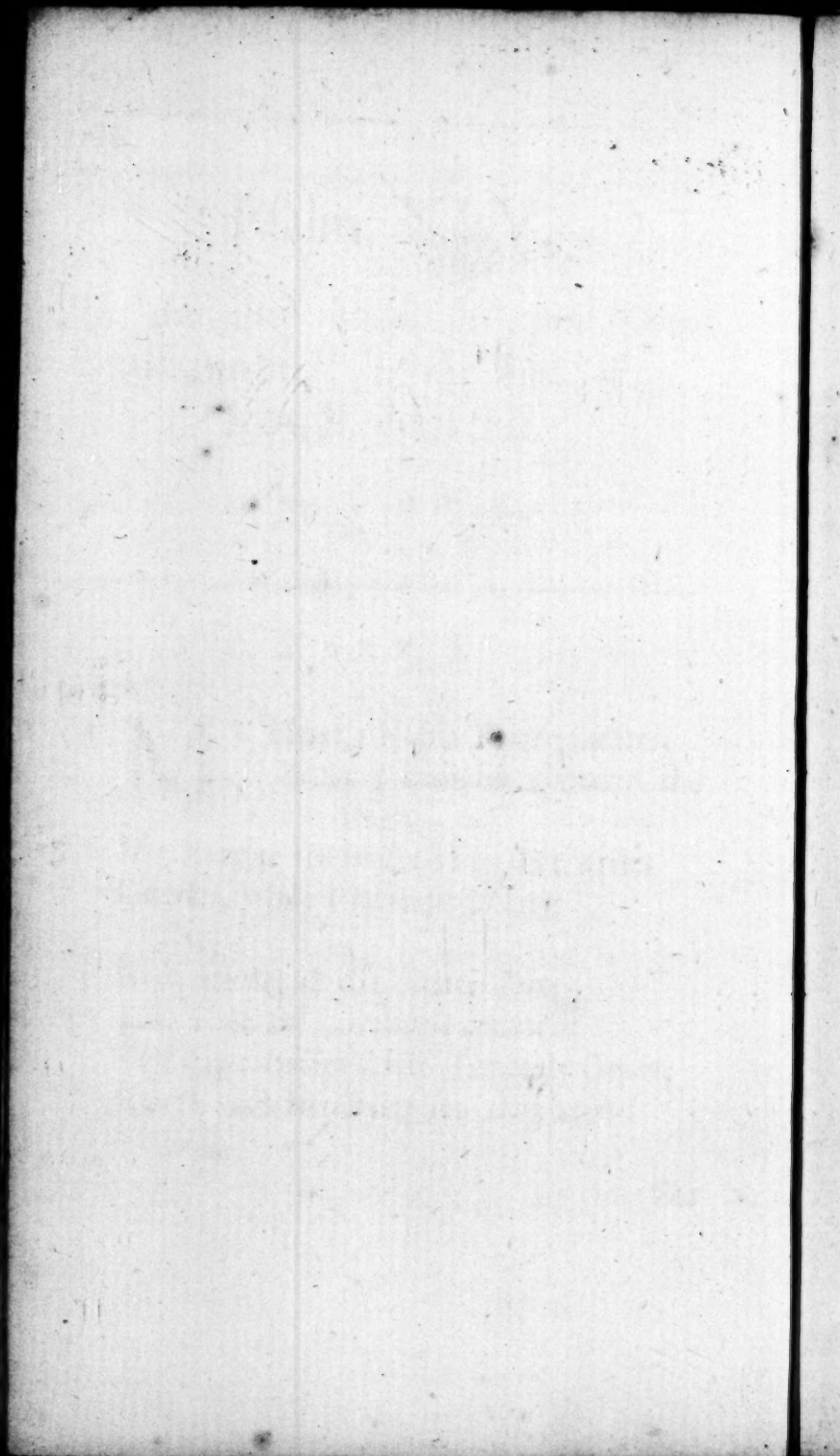
1 **M**Y Heart a Noble Theme indites,
What I compose concerns the
King;

My Tongue the swiftest Pen that writes
Outvies, while I attempt to sing.

2 None among all the Human Race
Like Thee for Loveliness appears;
Thy Lips, bedew'd with Heavenly Grace,
Ravish each wondring Soul that hears:

For





For God will ever from on high
His constant Blessings Thee afford.

3 O mighty One, upon thy Thigh
Make haste to gird thy Conquering Sword:

4 Thy Majesty and Glory show ;
Along in Prosperous Grandeur ride ;
Let Meekness, Truth, and Justice go
In Solemn Triumph by thy side.

Thy Right Hand, vers'd in Warlike Arts,
Thee terrible Exploits shall teach :

5 O King, thy Foes rebellious Hearts
Thy keenest Darts shall surely reach :

The Nations under Thee shall fall.

6 Thy Throne, O God, shall stand secure ;
And, as its Power extends o'er all,
It shall for evermore endure.

The Scepter of thy Kingdom proves
A Scepter of Impartial Right :

7 Thy Soul unspotted Justice loves,
And Sin is odious in thy fight.

For

For God, thy God, in plenteous Showers
 On thee the Oil of Gladness sheds;
 More of that Holy Ointment pours
 On Thine, than thy Companions Heads.

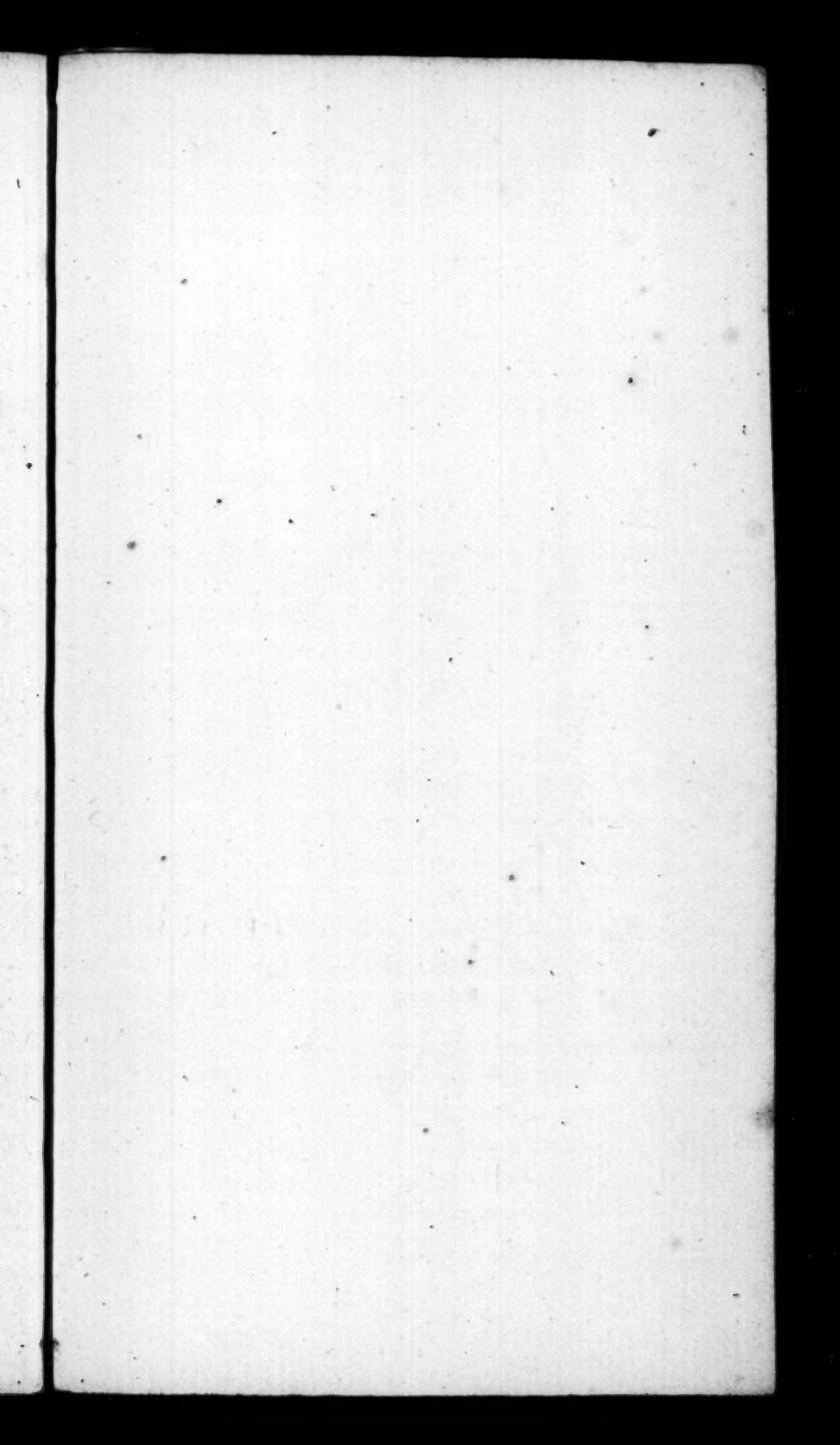
8 Myrrh, Aloes, Cassia, rich Perfumes
 Thy Robes of Glory more expire,
 When passing from the Ivory Rooms,
 Than all thy dearest Friends Attire.

9 Kings Daughters there were waiting seen,
 And in the Croud of Virgins prest;
 On thy Right Hand the Brighter Queen
 Stood all in Gold of Ophir drest.

P A R T II.

10 O Royal Daughter, bow thy Ear,
 Attend with serious thoughts to Me;
 Forget thy People once so Dear,
 Nor long thy Father's House to see:

11 So



- 11 So the King's Heart shall be thy own,
He shall thy Beauty still admire ;
For he's thy LORD, thy LORD alone,
And does thy Worship all require.
- 12 Tyre's Stately Daughter shall attend
With Costly Presents at thy Gate :
The richest of the People bend,
And for thy Favour beg and wait.
- 13 The King's Fair Daughter's pious Heart
All Inward Glories does enfold ;
Her outward Garments wrought with Art,
Are made of Threads of purest Gold.
- 14 She shall be led in Solemn State,
In Robes of fine Embroidery ;
Her Virgin Friends that on her wait,
Shall all be introduc'd to Thee.
- 15 As to the Palace they resort,
Full Joys in every Heart shall reign,
Till the bright Gate o'th' Royal Court
Receives the welcome Nuptial Train.

16 Instead of Fathers soon there springs
 A stock of Sons, that owe their Birth
 To Thee; a Noble Race of Kings,
 Whom Thou shalt place o'er all the Earth.

17 And I, O King, will make thy Name
 To all successive Times descend;
 All Nations shall thy Acts proclaim,
 And thy loud Praises ne'er shall end.

F I N I S.



